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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AN ECHO OF OUR WELCOME TO FOCH

THE enthusiasm with which Marshal Foch was received in the United States has touched the French people greatly. The general feeling of the French press, and presumably of the people as well, is expressed by Jacques Bardoux, in *L'Opinion* for November 5.

The acclaim with which America hailed M. Foch echoes in the heart of France [he writes]. With as much tact as judgment, our friends beyond the sea have shown that they recognize in this master of war the three traits of French character: simplicity, imagination, humanity.

One must have worked beside the Marshal to appreciate all the greatness that the word *simplicity* can express. Many a distinguished man has been intoxicated by the manifestations of popular enthusiasm; they leave Foch calm and unmoved. 'Take all that away, it does n't interest me,' he has often said. At a time when luxury is indulged in without stint, it would be impossible to enter his modest home on the Avenue de Saxe without recognizing that there are some things in life that money will never buy. If he stubbornly refuses, alike in the choice of his uniforms and in the size of his staff, to make any concession to glittering display, it is because the Marshal knows his people too well to be ignorant of the fact that a high command, like any other high authority, appears to them all the greater when set off against a background of simplicity.

And then his power of imagination, — I might say of sheer imagination, — his power of deduction, coördination, and systematizing! Foch never could endure ponderous *dossiers* and prosy reports. He is incapable of listening a long time and reading at length. He likes to work alone at a bare table, with a pad of white paper in front of him, or, with a pipe in his mouth, to pore over a map. If this constructive French brain was capable of the inner visions which permitted victory, it is because an incomparable friend, disciple, and fellow worker, General Weygand, understood the Marshal's methods and needs, took care of the *dossiers*, attended to the details, bolted the doors, disconnected the telephone, demanded silence, and procured isolation, thus giving the thinker a chance to think.

And his humanity! This third virtue is merely a consequence of the first two. A soldier of such Christian simplicity and philosophic temperament could not be otherwise than human. The general who astounded our Anglo-Saxon friends by his tenacity on the eve of defeat, who responded to a setback by making a fresh onslaught — he was the same man, who, when the enemy accepted the terms of the Armistice, waved aside his privilege of pushing the victory home and recoiled from shedding another drop of blood.

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CANADA'S STATUS AT THE CONFERENCE

CONSIDERABLE jealousy appears to have been aroused in the British Dominions over the personnel of the

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British delegation to the Washington Conference. This feeling has been particularly reflected in various Canadian newspapers. These journals argue that since Canada was accorded separate representation at the Paris Peace Conference, and was there admitted to full membership in the League of Nations, the Canadian Government ought to accept no subordinate rôle at Washington. To do so, they believe, would be to surrender a status which Canadians were very proud to have gained.

The *Canadian Forum* claims that

> Canada has a peculiar interest in at least one of the main problems slated for discussion at Washington, and this interest, which recent events have proved to be by no means identical with that of other parts of the Empire, can be adequately served only by direct, separate representation at the Conference. To such a claim — and there can be little doubt that nothing short of this is the claim of our Government — there are only two likely sources of opposition. One is the extreme section of the Republican Party in the United States; the other is the Imperial Foreign Office.

In London the murmurings of the Canadians have not been taken overseriously. The *Outlook* suggests that the attitude of the colonial delegates at Paris was not such as to make a repetition of this experience desirable. On some matters the views of the British delegates at the Paris Conference were quite inacceptable to their brethren from the Dominions, and the latter did not hesitate to make known their disagreement; but this inharmony resulted in relatively little damage,

> because there was much more going on, and, after all, some treaty had to be agreed upon.
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> Whether any agreement at all can be reached at Washington is a moot point, and the presence of conflicting elements in the British delegation would not help forward the cause which is of supreme importance to all of us, the Dominions included. It is no secret that our Foreign Office is delighted that the odium for the non-inclusion of the Dominions in the Conference should fall, not upon itself, but upon the United States.

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RECOGNITION OF THE TSARIST DEBTS

THE full text of M. Chicherin's note on Russian debts indicates that the Soviet offer to assume responsibility for the old indebtedness is accompanied by some important reservations. The vital paragraphs in M. Chicherin's note are as follows: —

> The Soviet Government declares that, according to its firm conviction, no people is under obligation to pay debts which are shackles imposed upon it by long centuries. But in its fixed decision to arrive at a full accord with the other powers, the Russian Government is disposed to agree in this regard to many essential and important concessions. One of the first considerations is the interest of the many small holders of Russian bonds, particularly in France, to whom the recognition of the Tsarist debts is a matter of grave consequence. Accordingly, the Russian Government declares itself ready to recognize, in the case of other states and their citizens, the obligations arising from State loans concluded by the Tsarist Government before 1914, with the reservation, however, that special conditions and facilities shall be granted, so as to render the fulfillment of this pledge possible.

It will be noted that the offer is limited to 'State loans concluded by the Tsarist Government before 1914.' No promise is made concerning the recognition of loans to the Tsarist Government during the period intervening between 1914 and the overthrow of the Imperial régime two years later. Nor is anything said about municipal and railway loans contracted prior to 1914, although this indebtedness amounts to a very large sum. The British Foreign Office, in its reply to the Russian note, asks the Soviet authorities what they propose

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to do about the unmentioned obligations.

In return for this half-way financial concession, M. Chicherin asks, 'as an absolute condition,' a definite treaty of peace with the Great Powers, a full recognition of the Soviet Government, and an assurance 'that the Great Powers will simultaneously engage themselves to put an end to all acts menacing the security of the Soviet Republic and of the friendly Republic of the Far East, as well as their sovereign rights and the inviolability of their frontiers.'

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DANZIG AND POLAND

THE agreement relating to tariffs and railways, upon which a Polish-Danzig commission has been working for some months, has now been concluded. According to its provisions, Danzig will be immediately combined in a single tariff and economic entity with Poland, and the Polish tariff schedules will apply to all trade entering the port. It has been furthermore agreed that the Polish mark will be, like the German mark, legal tender on the railways and for all government payments. The rate of exchange is to be fixed daily. All railroad property in Danzig is to be taken over by Poland as soon as certain financial arrangements are completed. These arrangements relate particularly to the question of covering a deficit which has been incurred by the operation of the railways during the past year. There are three railway systems connected with the port of Danzig — a broad-gauge line which links up with the Polish railway system, a narrow-gauge line which operates in Danzig only, and a network of harbor railway facilities.

The Danzig correspondent of the London *Morning Post* believes that the agreement is of more than local significance. It is, he ventures to think, the herald of increased friendliness between Germany and Poland. Many Poles, rightly or wrongly, are now of the opinion that Germany has no desire to see Russia back on her frontier. If so, the Berlin Government will eventually come to realize that the integrity of Poland is worth an effort to maintain. All this, as the correspondent suggests, is somewhat speculative, but worthy of mention among the possibilities, the more so since the relations hitherto existing between France and Poland appear to be growing somewhat less cordial on both sides.

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THE GENEVA LABOR CONFERENCE

THE International Labor Conference created by Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles, which is meeting for the third time, has set its hand to the difficult task of preparing a code of international regulations governing agricultural labor. The Washington Conference of 1919 formulated various rules relating to labor in industries; the Genoa Conference of 1920 endeavored to establish an international code for seamen; now, at Geneva, the third and largest group of the world's wage-earners is to have attention.

The task before the Labor Conference would be difficult enough in any case, because the character of agricultural work and the methods of remuneration differ so widely in the various countries. It has been made much more difficult by the action of the French Government in questioning, at the very outset of the sessions, the right of the Conference to deal with agricultural matters at all.

The French Government objected to any discussion of agricultural questions. Technically, its objection was based on the ground that the moment was inopportune; in reality, it was inspired by a desire to secure the

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permanent exclusion of agricultural workers from the purview of the organization. This was clear even in the formal note of objection. It was still more clear in the speeches of the French government delegates, for they were little more than a reiteration of their belief that the regulation of conditions of work in agriculture was a national question, and could not be treated internationally. Repeatedly these speakers declared that there was no specific mention of agriculture in Part XIII of the Treaty.

In spite of this protest the Conference proceeded to vote a declaration of its own competence to deal with the matter; it deleted from its agenda, however, the item relating to the *hours of work* in agricultural occupations. All other phases of the subject, as originally placed on the agenda, were retained for consideration.

The British Government addressed a letter to the Conference, suggesting a revision of the recommendations made at Washington two years ago concerning hours of work in industries. This letter intimated that, in making such revision, the Conference should retain 'those provisions which have proved generally acceptable in the light of recent experience,' and should omit or modify 'those which may appear to be too inelastic for the varying needs of the different industries in the respective countries.'

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PROFESSOR CASSEL ON MONETARY PROBLEMS

THE Swedish economist, Professor Ernest Cassel, who submitted to the Brussels Financial Conference a 'Memorandum on the World's Monetary Problems,' which was generally conceded to be the most illuminating of the many state papers submitted to this Conference, has now written for the League of Nations a second report on the subject. According to the *Basler Nachrichten*, which publishes a summary of Professor Cassel's memorandum, the existing trade depression is wholly attributed to the policy of monetary deflation which has been carried out in the past eighteen months in America and in some European countries. This policy of deflation, he believes, has shown itself to be increasingly harmful.

The prospect of continually falling prices has crippled production; constructive work has been brought to a more or less complete standstill. The result has been a lack of work, which, in countries where the deflation policy is most effective, has assumed alarming dimensions.

The United States, which has marched in the van as regards deflation policy, has so increased the home value of its currency, that other countries, which have taken the same path, have been unable to follow in spite of all their efforts. As a matter of fact, the currencies of these countries, after a year's deflation, are in an even worse position than before, as compared with the dollar. The uncertainty in international exchange rates has exerted an especially disturbing influence on trade between the various countries, and has contributed very largely — as was only natural — to the general depression.

The disturbance is not so much due to the fact that the currency values are other than they were before the war. International trade can adapt itself to any currency values and exchange rates, if only these are fixed. It is the constant fluctuations, the complete lack of stability, and the uncertainty as to the future resulting therefrom, which are ominous. Moreover, the policy of deflation has brought with it, and continues to bring with it, a constant increase of the real burden of all debts, which, to a large extent, hinders productive labor, and is especially objectionable in the matter of national debts. In many cases, the actual increase of the public burden of debt has already gone so far that it becomes a question whether the burden is not insupportable and the state is not *de facto* insolvent.

Commenting on this memorandum, the *Saturday Review Financial Supple-*

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ment expresses regret that Professor Cassel has not given enough figures to prove his contention. It argues that the total deflation, both in Europe and in America, has been on a quite trivial scale as compared with the fall in prices. This decline, the *Saturday Review* believes, has been due 'largely to political and psychological causes.'

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THE GERMAN CAPITAL LEVY

THE methods by which the German Government expects to obtain large sums of money from the industrial interests, in order to finance the reparations payments, are disclosed by the provisions of a bill which has been drafted by the National Economic Council and transmitted to the legislative bodies in the latter part of October. The bill organizes the various industries into groups, and makes each group responsible for raising certain sums, which are to be advanced to the national treasury for reparations purposes.

The grouping is by similar industries in the same geographical area. For example, all textile factories in a certain district will form one group; and so with the chemical, metal, and other great industries. In the case of agriculture, the existing organizations for accident-insurance purposes will be utilized. Every group is to be assessed in proportion to its resources; but the provisions of the bill do not make clear how the money is to be raised by the individual industries. Presumably it will be by mortgaging their property, either for gold abroad, or for paper marks at home. The latter method would not directly provide for reparations payments, but it would relieve the national budget, reduce the inflation, and thereby facilitate the purchase of gold credits. The industrial groups are to receive government bonds in return for their contributions, and these bonds will be accepted in payment of future taxes. The bill is not accompanied by any figures indicating the total anticipated yield from this levy. The weakness of the plan, in the opinion of its critics, is that it proposes a single assessment on capital in order to provide for payments which are recurrent in their nature, and which should therefore be met out of income. The difficulty of meeting annual obligations after the proceeds of this capital levy have been exhausted will be as great as ever.

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LUXURY IN JAPAN

THE commercial attaché of the British Embassy at Tokyo, in his annual report for 1920–1921, comments on the extensive spread of luxuries among the Japanese people. During the war, he writes, Japan accumulated a great deal of wealth; and as this filtered through the country, the people as a whole began to acquire luxurious tastes and habits. In the matter of clothing, for instance, the qualities now used are much better than in former years, notwithstanding the great advance in price.

As an example of changed conditions, the commercial attaché calls attention to the fact that total imports of foreign wines and liquors have risen fivefold within the last few years. Before the war, he adds, the importation of precious stones by the Japanese was almost negligible. Last year these imports amounted to more than six million yen.

Japan, until quite recently, was looked upon as a country which could afford to buy cheap merchandise only. Now it may almost be said that nothing is too expensive for the well-to-do classes of the Japanese; even among the workers there is a strong demand for imported goods.

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MINOR NOTES

THE President of the Inter-Allied Commission for the disarmament of Germany, General Nollet, has made a comprehensive report concerning the work of his Commission. The figures presented by General Nollet have had a soothing effect upon French public opinion, the more so since the general has himself been skeptical regarding the good faith of the German authorities in disclosing their entire resources for war. General Nollet reports that 'after eighteen months in Germany, during which he and his subordinates visited every nook and corner in which weapons or warlike supplies could be concealed,' he is convinced that the effective disarmament of Germany has now been completed. The statistics relating to war material surrendered or destroyed during the period since the Armistice, as given by General Nollet, are impressive; they include nearly 40,000 pieces of artillery, 84,000 machine guns, and more than 4,000,000 small arms of every variety.

Do the provisions of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance extend to joint action in the suppression of internal revolt? This question has been brought to the front by discussions relating to the Moplah uprising in India. Reference to the text of the treaty shows that its avowed objects include 'the consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and India, the maintenance of the territorial rights of the High Contracting Parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defense of their special interests in the said regions.' Whether these clauses commit Great Britain and Japan to the duty of rendering assistance to each other in the suppression of a Korean or an East Indian rebellion, as the case might be, is not entirely clear.

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* prints the following notice regarding the father of Albert D. Lasker, whom President Harding appointed as Chairman of the Shipping Board: —

He is a nephew of Edward Lasker, the Progressive and later National Liberal leader, who died in America during a tour of investigation in 1884. A brother of Edward Lasker emigrated to America practically without means, and started a small store in Virginia. Notwithstanding his occupation, he was a man of high scientific attainments, as rich in knowledge as he was poor in money. Among other things, he was an excellent classical scholar. One day, when he was visiting a neighboring planter, he learned that the latter's daughter was studying Greek. He offered to teach her, and remained in the family as a tutor for a considerable period. He was also a zealous student of economic conditions in his adopted country. While still a poor man, he traveled on foot to Texas, where he ultimately became a successful and well-known railway promoter. His son is the new manager of the Shipping Board.

'CHEAP LABOR,' in the old sense of the words, is rapidly ceasing to describe the working-classes of the industrial districts of Japan and the treaty ports of China. Unskilled coolies doing the commonest kind of work — leveling off a piece of ground — at Shanghai recently demanded one dollar a day. They eventually accepted somewhat less than this. Ten years ago twenty-eight cents a day was a liberal wage in such unskilled occupation. Before the Civil War unskilled laborers received only seventy-five cents a day in the United States, even in places of some size, like Brooklyn, New York.

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HOW THE LITTLE ENTENTE BEGAN

BY TAKE JONESCU

[M. Jonescu, as Foreign Minister of Rumania, played a major part in the negotiations which led to the establishment of the Little Entente. In a succeeding article he will describe the pourparlers which preceded the treaties, and sketch the possible future of the new grouping of Eastern European nations. The 'Rumanian, who, although very young, had an important situation in Rumania,' referred to in the course of the present article, is probably Crown Prince Carol, who was in Germany and enjoyed the especial favor of the Kaiser at the outbreak of the war.]

From *La Revue de France, November* 1
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

AT this time last year, the question that people put to themselves was this: Will the Little Entente be formed? This year the question is: Will the Little Entente last? There have been and there always will be a good many political combinations, but the only ones that can last are those for whose existence there are deep-lying reasons. I am firmly convinced that the Little Entente is of this number, and I am going to outline precisely my reasons for this belief.

First of all, it is a good thing to get a definite idea of exactly what the Little Entente is at present, then to pass to its history, and from that to its probable course of development. The Little Entente rests upon four treaties of defensive alliance, to which one may add a fifth, although this last has not yet been concluded.

To take these treaties in their chronological order, there is, first of all, a treaty of defensive alliance between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, having for its purpose the maintenance of the Treaty of Trianon, that is to say, a treaty providing against any aggression that might come from Hungary. It was concluded at Belgrade in the summer of 1920, after the trip of Premier Bénès of Czechoslovakia to that city.

There was at that time an *entente*, although it had not been formally expressed in a treaty, between Czechoslovakia and Rumania, and this understanding also was designed for the maintenance of the Treaty of Trianon.

By a treaty of defensive alliance, on the other hand, Poland and Rumania had exchanged mutual guaranties of their frontiers on the east, these frontiers being, for Poland, those which had been agreed upon at Riga with the Russian Soviet Republic, and for Rumania, the frontier of the Dniester, recognized by France, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan in October, 1920. This treaty of defensive alliance is, accordingly, intended to meet any attack that might come from Russia.

Still another treaty of defensive alliance, dated 1921, existed between Rumania and Czechoslovakia; its purpose also was to maintain the Treaty of Trianon, in other words, to provide a reciprocal guaranty with regard to Hungary.

Last of all, a treaty of defensive alliance between Rumania and Yugoslavia is designed to secure the maintenance of the treaties of Trianon and of Neuilly in their integrity; and this is therefore a mutual guaranty with regard to Hungary and Bulgaria.

To these four treaties, which con-

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stitute the defensive system of Central and Eastern Europe, one may add the treaty of defensive alliance between Greece and Serbia, which, concluded in 1913 for a period of ten years, has still two years to run. This treaty evidently can have no enemy in view except Bulgaria. *The Little Entente is essentially a project of peace*, and to this end each of these treaties stipulates that the high contracting parties shall act together in their foreign policies, so far as the particular state regarded as a possible enemy in that treaty is concerned.

This is all that exists to-day in the way of positive texts, binding together the states of the Little Entente. Each treaty is naturally accompanied by a military convention in which the measures to be taken in case of need have been mapped out. Such are the facts. To understand the reason for their existence a little history will not be amiss.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, when the principle of nationalism had gained the strength which was to lead it to a complete and definite success, the question was raised whether the application of this principle might not run counter to certain necessities of modern life. The principle of nationalism is, in reality, nothing but the development of the democratic idea. Within the borders of the various states, the democratic idea has led to the sovereignty of the nation itself. In international law, also, it ought naturally to end in this formula: no nation can be governed without its own consent. That, at bottom, is President Wilson's idea, which is assuredly nothing new, being merely the logical outcome of the principles set up by the French Revolution in 1789.

It was impossible, however, not to take account of the fact that — although in the West national units created by history had produced great conglomerations, such as the French, English, and, finally, the German and Italian nations — in the centre and toward the East of Europe, the application of this principle would, on the contrary, end in the division of three great states. These were: first, the Ottoman Empire, the product of conquest by a people incomparably inferior to the conquered peoples; second, Austria-Hungary, the most absurd handiwork of all history, for in it one finds a state in which the nation has been replaced by a dynasty, a bureaucracy, an army, and a phalanx of aristocrats; finally, Russia, which, although it had a national patrimony great and solid enough, had added to its territories by conquest, especially on its outer border, numerous nations, of whom some such as the Finns and the Poles, were distinctly superior to the Russians in their culture and their civilization. Once these empires were dismembered according to the principle of nationality, the resulting new states would be inferior in extent, in population, and in strength to those which had previously existed.

Now, the tendency of the modern world is rather toward great groups than toward small ones. We live in an epoch of great combinations and of enormous concentrations. Here is a tendency characteristic of the entire human race, which evidently works in a sense conflicting with the current of nationality. Hence all the dreams and all the projects of the Balkan Confederation, of the Danube Confederation, of the Eastern Confederation are, so to speak, the search for a system which can counteract certain consequences of this process of disintegration.

If I may refer to a personal memory, I recall that, when I was a student in Paris, I gave a lecture on the partition of Austria-Hungary at the Rumanian

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Students' Club, which had its headquarters on the rue Gay-Lussac, and I even drew a map which almost corresponded to that of the peace treaties. But although, as a Rumanian, I could not help thinking of the destruction of the Hapsburg Empire, I ended my lecture by saying that after having cut it up, it would be necessary for us to put it together again, in some new form.

When I read in certain Western newspapers lamentations over the dismemberment of the Hapsburg Empire, I know that they are due, not only to ignorance, to a failure to understand new ideas, but also to an instinctive fear that states of medium size do not offer so solid a basis for political stability as that which the destroyed empires apparently provided. I understand this feeling of disquietude, and I can comprehend how it leads certain people to the false idea that we might have got along without dividing up the Hapsburg inheritance at all.

I may be pardoned for making another appeal to the reminiscences of my own life, this time a more recent one. In 1918, toward the end of August or the beginning of September, when the great offensive, which was to deliver the whole world, had barely commenced, I was asked to a great dinner, in Paris, over which Prince Roland Bonaparte presided. Among others, M. Briand was present. I mention his name because he gave, even at that time, proof that he could see clearly: to those others who remained blind, a small minority, I render the service of not mentioning their names.

The question of Austria-Hungary was discussed. Men who in other fields were learned and capable vied with one another in their absurdities. One of them declared emphatically that it was childish to suppose that the Hapsburg Empire could be broken up after six centuries of existence. Another ventured a remark — which was as wanting in good sense as in good taste — about the 'Balkanization' of Central Europe. I call his idea wanting in good sense because there is no reason to give to the word 'Balkan' a disparaging turn, or to assume that the political consolidation of nations, which was realized in the West some centuries ago, must constitute a disaster and serve as a term of opprobrium in Central Europe.

Anon my presence was observed, and I was asked to speak. It would be useless to repeat here all that I said at that time, to show that such an attitude was contrary, not only to the indisputable logic of facts, but also to the interests of France. The Czechoslovak Republic had already been recognized by the Allies, who had thereby already decreed the division of Austria-Hungary and the elimination of the Hapsburgs.

The problem of eliminating the Hapsburg monarchy [I said] is not a problem any more. It has been solved. The only problem which can still come up is the question whether France will derive any benefits from it, or whether, after having sacrificed herself as no nation in history has ever done, others shall win the advantages of her sacrifice. I may mention to you three facts which will prove that Germany, better informed on the Hapsburg monarchy's prospects of longevity, did not look forward to a very extended prolongation of the miserable life of that sick man of Central Europe, that pivot of permanent danger.

In November, 1912, Herr von Jagow, German Ambassador in Italy, chatting with the Rumanian Minister at Rome, said to him: 'Our chief care is to know whether the inevitable destruction of Austria-Hungary will take place without too great a shock, which would be dangerous for the whole world.

In November, 1913, Herr von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, was dining with me at the home of M. de Giers, the Russian Ambassador at the Sublime Porte. I was on my way from Athens, after having accomplish-

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ed the most difficult task of my life when, as a simple minister, without any special mandate, I had in six days succeeded in concluding peace between Greece and Turkey, whose plenipotentiaries were no longer even seeing one another. The Turks, the young Turks, naturally agreeing with the Bulgarians, who could not be consoled for their recent defeat, had decided to attack Greece, which they thought an easy prey for their megalomaniac dreams. On my way through Constantinople I had to use the most vigorous language toward Talaat-Pasha in order to obtain a promise that my arbitrament would be accepted. It was a genuine success, and naturally, Austria, which during the whole years of 1912 and 1913 was desirous of letting loose a general war, — I have plenty of proof, — could not forgive me for it. Herr von Wangenheim took me to one corner of the salon, and showing me the city, said: 'Look here, the Sick Man of Europe, the Turk, will still be here when Austria-Hungary is nothing but an historic memory.'

And the third fact: a little while after the German declaration of war on the Entente powers, during the month of August, 1914, the German Emperor said to a Rumanian, who, although very young, had an important situation in Rumania: 'Say to King Carol that he did wrong in letting himself be ruled by his ministers and in failing to get into the war on my side. Tell him that there is still time to repair that blunder. Tell him that he shall have Bessarabia, and even more territory at Russia's expense, if he wants it; and so far as Transylvania is concerned, I will give you that before twenty years, since within twenty years we shall have to wind up the Hapsburg Empire.'

I added for the benefit of those who persist in living in a past which was even then dead: —

Austria-Hungary is done for. It is too late to turn it into a confederation, for the nations which compose it are not willing. Twenty years ago that would have been possible; and yet would that confederation have been anything but a first step, while the last step would always have been the breaking-up of Austria-Hungary and the creation of new national states, the nations which composed Austria-Hungary not being complete nations, but fragments of different, separated nations? A lasting confederation would have required, first of all, the acquiescence of the men of the same race who were already free, who dwelt on the frontiers of Austria-Hungary — the Rumanians, the Serbs, and the Poles. It is probable, indeed it is even certain, that they would never have given their consent; and, besides, who, with a light heart, could have seen the Hapsburg monarchy, even under the form of a confederation, spread as far as the Black Sea and Salonika, and north as far as the Baltic, extending far and wide the domain of Germanic culture, even though of an adulterated Viennese kind? However the situation may then have been, that confederation would to-day, after the World War, be a pure absurdity.

I need scarcely add that M. Briand agreed with me completely, and that the great majority of those present thought as he did.

To my mind there are two obvious truths. Austria-Hungary is dead, dead forever — she cannot be revived, whether under the old form or under any other form. The second truth is that her partition among so many independent states might militate against the interests of the world if nothing is found to bind them together again. The Little Entente is the outcome of this truth; whether those who created it took this fact into consideration, or whether they worked under the impulse of the eternal verities, without knowing it, it is because the Little Entente has its roots in a truth which exceeds more details of defense against such and such a neighbor, that it is durable, and that it may be sure of a glorious future.

Let us examine the condition of the countries which have arisen from the breaking up of the Central and Eastern empires. Without concerning myself for the moment with the Baltic or Caucasian states, there remained, after the

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elimination of Austria-Hungary, the overwhelming of conquered Russia, and the estrangement from Europe of the Turkish Empire, eight states, which extend from the Baltic to the Ægean Sea, — eight states, five of which were on the side of the Entente in the World War and three against her.

We have Poland, with almost thirty million inhabitants, with large territories, a glorious past, commendable patriotism, unequaled gallantry, but also with a ticklish geographical situation, since she finds herself between Germany, a power that is anything but dead, and the Russia of to-morrow, which, in her desire to become the giant that she was, will be ready to lend her hand to the chief malcontents of Europe. In isolation, Poland is a danger. Her patriotic sentiment, always taking an exalted form which surprises those who have not, like the Poles, spent one hundred and thirty years in servitude, is a great source of strength; but I need not hesitate to say without fear of error that, left to herself, Poland will not fulfill the rôle which history has assigned her.

Czechoslovakia, with its fourteen million inhabitants, is a magnificent country, rich and well-ordered. She has an immense superiority over the other new states in the possession of a class essential in modern times — a numerous *petite bourgeoisie* of workers, educated, thrifty, and patriotic. She has, moreover, the good fortune to have at her head a great man like President Masaryk, and in charge of foreign affairs, a man like M. Bénès. But no more than the others can she live alone. Not only does she lack access to the sea, but she is surrounded by a cordon of German states, and the presence on her territory of almost three million Germans, concentrated toward the German frontier, is certainly an incurable canker, which it would be childish not to recognize. Czechoslovakia forms the advanced bulwark of true civilization in the heart of that Central Europe which the German people regard as their own patrimony. Undoubtedly, it is an honor for a nation to occupy such a situation; but it is no less true that these advance fortifications ought to be linked up with the rest in order to be impregnable.

The realm of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes — Yugoslavia — is a magnificent state. It is far more soundly established than those people imagine who are not willing to take into account the fact that nothing is accomplished without time, and that two years is a very short period to wipe out the memories of centuries. These incredulous souls take too seriously the inevitable and altogether superficial difficulties, which are destined to disappear with the generation that was accustomed to a sort of Croatian autonomy, which was poor enough, but which did furnish positions and honors. Careless people do not realize that in the countries now reunited to the Fatherland the sufferings following the war, which are terrible everywhere, are attributed by treacherous agitators to the change in sovereignty. The material situation before 1914 is compared with that of 1921 by people who omit to say that the situation to-day would be what it is whether the frontiers had remained the same or not. But for all that, although established on the Adriatic coast and surrounded by frontiers which are for the greater part permanent, although possessing an army which is justly distinguished, Yugoslavia is no more in a position to play her part alone — that is, to bar the route to the Adriatic and to Constantinople against the Northern peoples — than any of her sister states.

With her geographic situation, her long seaboard, her great frontier to

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the north, Greece, if she is left to herself, is still less capable of living in that tranquillity which is essential for the peaceful development of a country.

Rumania, with her Black Sea coasts; with the Danube to transport her riches; with her fertile soil, her minerals, her oil; with the chain of the Carpathian Mountains on which she is saddled; with her plains, on which seventeen million men live of whom more than fourteen million are Rumanians, all of whom demand nothing save complete unity without any regional autonomy; with her armies, which have endured severe tests — even Rumania, left to herself, is not in a condition to play her double historic rôle: to prevent Germany and Russia from exceeding their legitimate limits and establishing themselves on the straits.

For any man who is not willing to deceive himself, it is certain that, after a war like the last, which has overturned the whole past from top to bottom, the nations will divide themselves for a long time into two groups: the satisfied and the discontented, those who are interested in preserving what they have justly gained, and those who dream of nothing but destroying what has been obtained by our victory. A war which, as M. Viviani has said, was a revolution, does not close with the mere signing of peace treaties. It goes on in the souls of the peoples, and it is the duty of statesmen to create and maintain such a condition, that those who seek to overturn our work will be forced to take account of the folly of such an attempt, and of the danger as well. Let me explain myself. It is not a matter of setting up the idea of a war; it is not a matter of distrusting the undoubted desire of humanity to keep the peace; but it would not be intelligent to think that the conquered people of yesterday — who were also the provokers of the catastrophe — have accepted, or will accept, the state of things to which they have been compelled to yield by force of arms.

THE NEW MONROE DOCTRINE

BY E. J. DILLON

From the *English Review, November*
(Liberal Monthly)

Few people, even among the business community of Great Britain, take an intelligent interest in the destinies of Mexico, despite the generally admitted fact that, owing to its incalculable wealth, mineral and agricultural, the struggle between Europe and the United States for its lucrative markets bids fair to become superlatively keen within the next few years. The area of the Republic equals that of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Greece, and Cuba. The population of these states is computed at 220,000,000 souls, while that of Mexico, despite its superior resources, numbers little more than fifteen millions. Among the countries which produce minerals, Mexico takes the first place in silver, the second

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in copper, the third in zinc and lead, and the fourth in gold. Hitherto about eighty per cent of all goods sold in the Republic was manufactured in Europe. To-day, the industrial corporations of the United States are making a strenuous effort to oust European manufactures from the markets, and the State Department in Washington is encouraging the effort by every means in its power. Among the forms of pressure of which it disposes is the Monroe Doctrine, which is being quietly transformed for the purpose.

There can be little doubt that all the terms of recognition outlined by Mr. Fall in the report of the Senate subcommittee — and they included direct intermeddling in internal affairs — would have been imposed on Mexico, had the revolution headed by General Obregón been quelled. For they were drawn up specially to meet a particular situation, and to solve the problems to which it gave rise. And Cuban history leaves no doubt in our minds what the course of Mexico's affairs would then have been. As it chanced, however, the Mexican people was ripe for reform, rose up in arms, and overthrew the system that was exposing it to that danger. Its present leader inspired it with a growing passion for social justice, which is fast bearing fruit; and he implanted in the soul of the whole nation a sentiment of dignity and self-respect that will stand it in good stead during the work of reconstruction, which has already begun. Every kind of outside pressure put upon the people under the new conditions will therefore operate as a potent irritant; and that the Mexicans should so regard the terms demanded of them as the price of recognition is neither surprising nor blameworthy.

With the overturn of the Carranza régime, and the reversal of his policies, the motive and justification of the Fall recommendations vanished, and a new epoch was inaugurated. . . .

What Mr. Fall offered was a form of guardianship which would admit of the United States bringing up Mexico by hand. What General Obregón actually accomplished was to set his country on its legs and render it wholly independent of ethical, political, and economic wardship. And one of the chief causes of the deplorable misunderstandings between the two republics to-day lies in the inability or slowness of the North American Government to realize that the necessity for the drastic remedial measures prescribed by the distinguished ex-Senator has disappeared. He is a poor surgeon who would insist on amputating a limb after it had recovered its pristine strength and flexibility. But there are such.

The roots of the matter, however, lie deeper than a mistake in political diagnosis, and extend farther than the boundaries of the Mexican Republic. They spread to all the lands of the American Continent south of the Rio Grande, and may be labeled the Neo-Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Fall's suggestions, Mr. Hughes's condition of recognition, the various demands, strivings, and protests of certain foreign capitalists in Mexico, are all so many tentacles of the doctrine of Monroe. And one of the indirect consequences of the World War which has stricken so many European Powers with palsy is the creation of conditions exceptionally favorable to its resuscitation, growth, and speed.

The Monroe Doctrine, long dormant and never authoritatively defined, is looked upon by easy-going Americans as an old-fashioned weapon of defense against Europe's long-forgotten *velléities* of conquest by means of colonization. And they consign it to the dusty archives, rather than to the arsenal of effective political armaments. Those

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among them to whom current history is not a sealed book invoke good authority for their contention. For example, William Graham Sumner, the patriotic American, terms the doctrine a fetish, and asks: 'Does the United States intend to deny that the States of South America are independent States, open to access by any other nations and liable to have any kind of friendly, or unfriendly relations with European States, such as any two independent States may have with each other?' President Wilson answered that question in the following passage of a public speech: 'It is none of my business . . . how long they [the Mexican people] take in determining what their government should be. Their country is theirs. The government is theirs. Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted, and spilt as much blood as they pleased, in settling their affairs? And shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say.' That interpretation was as authoritative as any. And it reassured the states of Latin America, whose peace of mind had been disturbed by the imperialistic utterances of responsible and irresponsible politicians.

But President Wilson's successor implicitly puts a different construction on it, as indeed Mr. Wilson himself did in other declarations and acts of his. And yet Mexico and the sister republics are expected, nay, enjoined, by Mr. Fall, to accept formally, solemnly, and irrevocably what he is pleased to term the 'Monroe Doctrine.' Those Americans who complain that one Mexican president is apt to reverse the political maxims of his predecessor and go on a wholly new tack are the best qualified to comprehend the bewilderment of the Mexicans when faced by these contradictions, and the fervor of their desire to be freed from the painful uncertainty now prevailing respecting the policies of successive administrations of the United States.

That lucid statement was not the only one given to the world by Mr. Wilson.

Incidentally that President dealt a stunning blow to the imperialist interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine when he announced that 'all the Governments of America stand, so far as we are concerned, upon a footing of genuine equality and unquestioned independence.' And Mexicans pertinently ask how they can satisfy the demands of the great Northern Republic if one of its presidents contradicts or cancels the solemn utterances of his predecessor in a matter of such moment. And following the American demand for a treaty defining this reciprocal relation, they ask for an authoritative definition of the Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. Sumner, commenting upon President Cleveland's reference to the Doctrine, wrote: 'He talks about the Monroe Doctrine and he tells us solemnly that it is true and sacred, whatever it is. He even undertakes to give some definition of what he means by it; but the definition which he gives binds nobody, either now or in the future, any more than what Monroe and Adams meant by it binds anybody now not to mean anything else.' In another passage the same author says: 'If you want war, nourish a doctrine . . . it would ruin a doctrine to define it, because then it could be analyzed, tested, criticized and verified; but nothing ought to be tolerated which cannot be so tested.' Accordingly, the Monroe Doctrine has never been authoritatively defined. It is a blank check on which any sum may be written by the State Department in Washington. Hence Mexico refuses to sign it.

If the principles underlying those important pronouncements represented the policy of the United States Govern-

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ment, as might well be the case, seeing that President Wilson was as great an authority on the subject as President Monroe, the doctrine might decently be buried, for it would certainly be dead. But in the course of the World War this canon, quickened into fresh vitality by combination with a principle misnamed 'manifest destiny,' has tacitly become the palladium of certain superior races, who feel themselves charged with a providential mission to guide their lesser brethren and shoulder the 'white man's precious burden.' To-day, therefore, under the pressure of economic necessity, the dogma and its gloss bid fair to crystallize into a political maxim which may be formulated thus: 'If an inferior nation cannot or will not develop the natural resources of the country it inhabits, the superior race on the other side of its frontiers has the right and the duty to develop them and to take the inferior nation under its guidance.'

In effect, certain progressive peoples are seriously reconsidering the accepted doctrines of democracy, progress, and self-determination, with a view to their amendment. Limitations have already been set upon these and upon various other forms of liberty. The State has begun to make weak-willed individuals virtuous by statute, and from this to the reformation of weak-willed states by a neighboring super-state in the name of humanity and economics, there is only a step, and it looks as if it, too, would shortly be taken. Such is the trend of social thought to-day among those advanced nations who believe that their moral vision fits them for the work of discerning the needs of their backward neighbors and devising the ways and means of satisfying these. The functions of government are thus being stretched so as to cover part of the sphere formerly regulated by religion and the moral law.

This innovation looks like the prelude to a new altruistic move, which will bring together in close contact the lion and the lamb, the hawk and the pheasant. And neither the lamb nor the pheasant likes the prospect. It is generally considered an ill sign to see the fox manifest tenderness toward the lamb. This introduction of 'morality' into international polity was applied at the Peace Conference in Paris in the shape of the system of mandates for such backward and wealthy lands as Mesopotamia, Persia, and Syria; and it bids fair to leaven politics with this new type of international ethics in other regions and in a way never struck out before. It may become in the international sphere what prohibition is in the national. In the Western Hemisphere it was implicitly adopted by the versatile President Wilson when he wrote to Carranza:—

> I, therefore, call upon the leaders of Mexico to act. . . . If they cannot accommodate their differences, and unite for this great purpose within a very short time, this Government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve her people.

Here we have the magic word fated to attract and crystallize the floating ideas and aspirations of the new era which have not yet been embodied in practical politics. Mexico must be helped to save herself.

And yet her Government 'stands upon a footing of genuine equality.' President Roosevelt, with whom I had the privilege of exchanging views on this subject, upheld the same principle and looked to it for the solution of the Latin-American riddles. Publicly he laid it down, in his annual Message to Congress in 1904, that

> chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of

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civilized society, may, in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation; *and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.*

But who is the judge? The power that is able and willing to employ force? And suppose its economic interest in intervening overbears its judgment, what then? Is there to be no appeal? Apparently not.

Now that would seem to be the accepted way of applying the enlarged Monroe Doctrine to-day, on the principle that duty changes with conditions and rights expand commensurately with responsibilities. All that is needed further in order to reveal the concrete embodiment of the canon, thus widened and raised to the status of a world-policy, is to determine which are the nations thus qualified to intervene helpfully in the internal affairs of a restless neighbor, for the laudable purpose of raising barriers to the possible spread of anarchism and attuning progress there to the rhythm of the culture-bearing race. The necessity of instructing the executors of the Monroe Doctrine, who were already admittedly the protectors of a whole continent against foreign aggressions, with the interpretation and maintenance of the basic principles of social stability, and accepting them as moderators and mentors of backward American communities in matters of social, political, and moral advancement, and of generalizing this principle and extending this trust, is being slowly stamped into the political consciousness of the leaders of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world.

At first sight, it seems to be a maxim capable of working vast changes in the destinies of the human race, by conjoining resolute will with overmastering power and quickening both with lofty ethical professions. But the student of history knows that world-wide policy, however mild and moral, invariably challenges world-wide resistance; for it assumes what cannot be accepted universally — that all kinds of culture must give way to that of a single type. And this is especially true when the privileged form is believed to consist mainly in material well-being, mechanical morality, and spiritual pretensions.

It is fair to add that, in such a classification of nations, the ethical values are necessarily relative. W. G. Sumner lays it down plainly that this doctrine is but 'a glib and convenient means of giving an appearance of rationality to an exercise of superior force.' And it is impossible to gainsay the statement. . . .

This deliberate judgment of the eminent American sociologist is identical with that of serious Mexican politicians. They, too, feel and say that, if Mexico were a country devoid of natural riches, no great power would worry much about its ethical or social advancement. They would look elsewhere for the white man's burden, and first scrutinize its contents. . . .

But if a privileged race be qualified to sit in judgment on less progressive peoples, is it equally capable of deciding what is good for them? No one conversant with contemporary history can truly answer that query in the affirmative. As a whole, the politico-social institutions of communities of English speech are passably good in themselves, and in a rough way suit the peoples who elaborated them, because they have grown out of their needs and of their national and racial consciousness. But only a visionary would regard them as appropriate to all other nations and races. Neither the British conception of self-determination nor the North American interpretation of individual liberty

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will commend itself to France, Italy, or Japan. And as for the craze for imposing the institutions of either upon such backward communities as Persia or Mexico, it would be little less than a crime against humanity. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to affirm that most of Mexico's tribulations are the direct outcome of her own foolish effort to model her political system upon that of the United States, and of the resolve of the government of the United States to punish her for the results.

None the less, the new canon, which might be termed the doctrine of ethical guardianship, may possibly be incorporated for a time among the unwritten laws of nations in the new era which has begun. Already, at the Paris Conference, it received, as we saw, the implicit assent of the greater and greedier states which profited by it considerably. They freely gave and took mandates to protect well-to-do wards, — but fought shy of poor ones, — on the ground that moral responsibility and guardianship are the correlatives of political power and high moral standing. And in the near future, wherever on the globe there happens to be a strong, thriving, order-loving, assimilating, and progressive people, and beside it a restless, backward, potentially wealthy, politically incohesive state, there will be a strong temptation to apply the principle.

Divested of its moral wrappings, it is the doctrine of might. As General Obregón puts it: 'The World War is obliging great nations to choose between force and justice, and the little ones can escape from force only by submitting to justice.'

Force decked out in the garb of ethics would seem to be the one fixed and immutable point in the various doctrines that still inspire Latin-Americans — 'the inferior races' — with alarm. For what it connotes is the Anglo-Americanization of the Western Hemisphere.

The North American politician who dwells in the high politico-spiritual latitudes of righteousness professes to regard Mexico as a huge decaying organism at the very doors of his country, and proclaims that it has become a danger, not merely to group-interests, or to legitimate political aims, but also and especially to the normal progress of the world. And he refuses to inquire whether the germs of the decay were imported or nurtured by outside influences, as Mexicans assert, and deliberately cultivated by outside sordid interests. He takes the ground that, the whole organism being tainted with gangrene, it is bootless to seek to heal this or that symptom. Of all Mexico's democratic institutions he denies that there is one that is real. Of all its avowed aspirations he perceives none that are attainable. Every native effort put forth to stay the moral, social, and political dissolution which has played such havoc with the people he dismisses as nugatory. Riveting his gaze on the past, he is blind to the present and incredulous about the future. Hence, to his thinking, none of the functions of an organized Community is being discharged, none of the objects of civilized society is being achieved: the state is without a government, the people are devoid of guidance, misery stalks a country which abounds in all the resources necessary and adequate to material well-being. Relations between the governing and the governed, between this racial element of the population and that, between the judicial and the executive powers, between the states and the Federal Government, although defined by paper laws, are in perpetual flux and inextricable confusion. That such a diseased body should be left decomposing in the sun during a period of psychic epidemics is contrary to that

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common sense which is to be found in the soul of every man of Anglo-Saxon blood.

Such is the gist of the staple argument in favor of prompt action and drastic expedients. Official recognition of the Obregón Administration will not silence or discourage those who rely upon it to-day. It is one of those obsessions or pretexts which are independent of the reasons advanced for holding it. Hence it is argument-proof.

LIGHT ON THE MURDER OF TSAR NIKOLAS

[*The introductory summary by M. André Pierre (I) of the Monarchist accusations relative to the death of ex-Tsar Nikolas and of the replies by former officials of the Provisional Government, is from* L'Europe Nouvelle *for October 22. The first article by M. Alexander Feodor Kerensky, former War Minister of the Provisional Government (II), is from* Volya Rossii, *a Russian newspaper published at Prague, for August 28 (No. 291.) The comment by Professor Paul Milyukov, former Foreign Minister of the Provisional Government (III), is from* Posliednia Novosti *for September 8 (No. 428). The translation of this article has been personally revised and slightly amplified by Professor Milyukov. M. Kerensky's final article (IV) is from* Volya Rossii *for September 16. Further information as to the death of the Tsar may possibly be gained later from a manuscript by Professor Feodoroff, the ex-Tsar's physician, which Maxim Gorky recently brought to Stockholm, where he declared it to be 'of the greatest historical value,' but refused to discuss it further.*]

I. England's Attempt to Save the Tsar

The historical question, whether the life of Tsar Nikolas II might have been saved, has been raised in the course of a recent polemic, which has brought the Russian and foreign Monarchists into conflict with the members of the first revolutionary government. The Monarchist thesis is simple enough: the primary responsibility for the assassination of Nikolas II falls upon the Provisional Government, which was not capable of protecting the ex-Tsar and his family from the vengeance of the people, aroused by the Bolsheviki, and which was not willing to send them away to England, as the British Government proposed. The responsible chief of the Provisional Government, M. Alexander Kerensky, has replied in *Volya Rossii* of Prague, to the accusations of the Monarchists, which are supported in London by the *Daily Telegraph*. His testimony has an incontestable historic value, since from March to October, 1918, he was the director of Russian policy, and no decision as to the fate of Nikolas II could have been taken without his knowledge or his consent.

The defense of M. Kerensky, confirmed in many points by M. Milyukov, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, may be summed up thus:—

1. It is true that, from the beginning of the Revolution, the British Government wished to offer Nikolas II and his family a refuge in England. A note from Ambassador Buchanan sent to Milyukov in March testifies that.

2. It is no less true that the British Government did not persist in its in-

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tentions very long. M. Milyukov has himself affirmed, in the *Posliednia Novosti*, that, while he was still minister (that is to say, before May 16) the Ambassador of Great Britain had changed his attitude with reference to the reception of Nikolas II.

3. Diplomatic conversations still continued with London after M. Tereshchenko replaced M. Milyukov; but in the first part of June (Old Style), M. Kerensky affirms, an official note from England was received at Petrograd, stating that until the end of the war, the reception of the ex-Monarch and his family in the territory of the British Empire was impossible.

From these statements by M. Kerensky, it follows then that, if Nikolas II remained in Russia, it was not because the Provisional Government wished to keep him there, but because England was not willing to receive him in the end.

Let us accept M. Kerensky's defense as such, but let us add something which M. Kerensky could not say: that is, that the Provisional Government never had anything but the shadow of power; and that, even if England had finally consented to receive the ex-Tsar, it would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible, to execute the operation. The Petrograd Soviet which exercised minute control over all the acts of the government, kept a close watch over the ex-sovereign shut up at Tsarskoye-Selo, a short distance from the capital. The proof? Read the report presented to the Soviet between the tenth and twenty-third of March, by its Vice-President: —

> Yesterday we were informed that the Provisional Government had given its consent to the departure of Nikolas II for England, and that it had even opened pourparlers with the British authorities without the consent and without the knowledge of the Executive Committee of the Soviet of Workmen and Soldiers. We have mobilized all the units which are at our disposal, and we have managed the affair in such a way that Nikolas II cannot quit Tsarskoye-Selo without our permission. Telegrams have been sent out along all lines with the order to stop the train. . . . We have given instructions to our *commissars*. . . . We surrounded the Alexander Palace with a close network of troops with armored motor-cars. Then we opened diplomatic conversations with the Provisional Government, which sanctioned all our measures. At present, the ex-Tsar finds himself not only under the surveillance of the Provisional Government, but also under our own surveillance.

On April 7, the *Isvestia* summed up the rôle of the Soviet in these terms: —

> When the interests of liberty imperiously require it, the Revolutionary people, represented by the Soviet of Workmen and Soldiers, can and ought to interfere in the acts of the Provisional Government. It is thus, for example, that it was impossible to permit the removal abroad of Nikolas Romanov, and the Executive Committee was perfectly justified in taking immediate measures for keeping the former autocrat at Tsarskoye-Selo.

It was, moreover, due to the Soviet that Nikolas II was exiled to Tobolsk in the month of August. The Provisional Government had at first thought of interning him in the famous convent of Ipatiex, in Kosroma on the Volga; but the Soviet thought that this place of exile was not sufficiently distant, and the capital of the Government of Western Siberia was chosen, some 2800 versts from Petrograd. Finally, to the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich, who had requested authority to take up his residence in Sweden, Kerensky replied that the Constituent Assembly alone could pronounce on the expulsion of all the members of the Romanov family. What happened in January, 1918, in the Constituent As-

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sembly is well known. Six months afterward, on July 16, 1918, the ex-Tsar was assassinated at Ekaterinburg.

A survey of all these historic facts, then, permits a negative reply to the question stated in the title of this article. Even if England and the Provisional Government had been fully in accord on the question of removing Nikolas II from Russia, the all-powerful Soviet would have stopped the execution of the plan. The regrets of the Monarchists, therefore, are superfluous and their attacks against the Provisional Government failed from the beginning.

II. The Removal of the Tsar to Tobolsk

Many legends have been created, and are still being created, regarding the attitude of the Provisional Government toward the late former Emperor and his family. Before their accession to power, the Bolsheviki instigated against the Provisional Government the more ignorant of the soldier and sailor elements, making every effort to convince them that the humane attitude of the Provisional Government toward the dethroned Emperor was 'treason to the revolution,' 'leniency for the bitterest foes of the people,' and so forth. Hundreds of various delegations and resolutions sent to the Provisional Government, and to me personally, since I was responsible for the guarding and the safety of the Tsar and his family, were furious in their demand that Nikolas II should be executed and his family removed from the Alexander Palace and incarcerated in Kronstadt, or in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Up to the time of the Bolshevist *coup d'état*, the Provisional Government followed out consistently its policy of never giving in an inch to the demagogical demands from the Extreme Left, because it was precisely in the absence of even a suspicion of any martyrdom for the former Tsar that lay the best method of safeguarding republican Russia from the reappearance of the monarchist legend. It would be sufficient to cite the portions of the diary kept by Nikolas II, referring to this period, to see how proper was the whole behavior of the Provisional Government toward the former autocrat, who had become an ordinary, weak man, forsaken by his friends of yesterday and sorely in need of protection.

However, neither the historic reality, nor the opinion of 'the monarch' himself, has any weight with the monarchists. With even greater insistence than the Bolsheviki exhibited before, they are now trying with utter cynicism to utilize the tragic death of the Tsar and his family for slanderous and demagogical attacks. Against the Bolsheviki? Oh, no, not against the Bolsheviki, but against the Government of the March Revolution.

Engaged in their skillful preparations for a possible return to power in Russia, the monarchists are now doing their best to put the blame for the bloody Bacchanalia of the 'firm authority' wielded by Lenin and Trotsky, on the March Revolution.

The Provisional Government is charged with all sorts of mortal sins, and among them is the responsibility for the horrible murder of the Tsar and his family: the Government could, but would not, save the heads that had formerly worn the crown of Russia, so runs the legend, busily created by the monarchists. . . .

Did we really refuse to save the life of the Tsar and his family by removing them abroad, specifically to Great

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Britain? This question has been of interest to many people and has been discussed in the foreign press. I consider it therefore timely to explain why at the end of the summer of 1917, Nikolas II and his family found themselves in Tobolsk and not in England.

Notwithstanding all the gossip and insinuations to the contrary, the Provisional Government not only *dared*, but actually decided, at the very beginning of March, to send the Imperial family abroad. As early as March 7, in reply to the furious shouts, 'Death to the Tsar!' 'Put the Tsar to death!' hurled at me at a meeting of the Moscow Soviet, I said: 'This will never be, as long as we are in power. The Provisional Government has taken upon itself the responsibility for the personal safety of the Tsar and of his family. We shall fulfill this obligation to the end. The Tsar and his family will be sent abroad, to England, and I, myself, shall accompany them to Murmansk.'

This declaration of mine caused great indignation in the circles of the Soviets of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies in both capitals. Scarcely had I returned to Petrograd, when an armed band rushed into the Tsarskoye-Selo Palace in an armored car, and demanded the person of the former Tsar, presenting authority from the Soviet, which proved to be forged. This attempt failed, however, and the Provisional Government decided, after that, to place the guarding of the Tsar in the hands of the Minister of Justice, that is, in my hands, rather than in those of the Minister of War and of General Kornilov, who then commanded the troops in Petrograd.

No further attempts were made to kidnap the Tsar, but the Provisional Government considered it unsafe for the Imperial family to remain in the vicinity of Petrograd, and was anxious to remove them abroad, conducting negotiations, with this in view, with the London Cabinet.

But in the summer, when the continued residence of the Imperial family in the Tsarskoye-Selo became quite impossible, we, the Provisional Government, obtained a categorical, official statement that, until the end of the war, the passage of the former monarch and his family within the boundaries of the British Empire was impossible.

I assert that, if there had not been this refusal, the Provisional Government would not only have 'dared,' but would have actually removed Nikolas II and his family safely outside of Russia's frontiers, just as we had removed them to Tobolsk, which was then the *safest place* in Russia. There is no doubt that if the Kornilov rebellion or the Bolshevist *coup d'état* had found the Tsar in Tsarskoye-Selo he would have perished, in no less shocking a manner, almost a year before his end did come.

III. In the Russian Foreign Office

In the Berlin journal, *Nachrichtenblatt über Ostfragen*, are published some documents from the archives of the Russian Foreign Ministry, concerning the question of the departure of the former Emperor Nikolas II from Russia after his abdication. *Obshchyeye Dyelo* (*Common Cause*) demands an explanation from me of the meaning of these documents. I am ready to give them in so far as I can rely on my personal recollections.

Permission for the departure of the late Emperor from Russia was given by the Provisional Government directly after, and in connection with, his abdication. Without delay, in the execution of that decision, I entered into

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negotiations with the English Government. Sir George Buchanan's statement, published in the *Nachrichtenblatt*, is not an offer by the British to the Provisional Government; it is, on the contrary, a British reply to a request from the Provisional Government. Sir George's reply was that 'The King and the Government will be happy to reserve a refuge in Great Britain for the ex-Emperor and his family, as long as the war lasts.'

The question of the Tsar's departure was afterwards delayed. The cause of the delay, as I understand it, was undoubtedly political. This delay was caused by the opposition of the Soviet of Workmen's Delegates, who applied pressure to certain members of the Provisional Government. I do not know whether any member of the Provisional Government — except myself, as Minister of Foreign Affairs — had direct dealings with Sir George Buchanan over this question. But, it goes without saying, that the English Embassy had other sources of information about the state of Russian public opinion — besides our daily meetings at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with Sir George Buchanan, M. Maurice Paleologue, and Marquis Carlotti. I had many occasions to see how much attention Sir George paid to various manifestations of that opinion. That is why I cannot say that it very much astonished me, when one day, in answer to my question whether anything was being done toward preparing for the departure of Nikolas II for abroad, Sir George replied that the English Government no longer insisted on their proposal. I cannot, to my regret, state exactly when I asked this question and obtained this answer. Neither do I know in what form, or when, the statement was made, which A. F. Kerensky communicated in his article in No. 291 of *Volya Rossii*. ('We, the Provisional Government, obtained a categorical official statement that, until the end of of the war, the passage of the former monarch and his family within the boundaries of the British Empire was impossible.') Evidently it is not the same response which I personally received from Sir George. As Mr. Kerensky states in the article mentioned, that Sir George's declaration just quoted was made 'in the summer, when a further stay of the Tsar's family in the Tsarskoye-Selo was made impossible,' I have to conclude, that it was after my resignation, that is, after May 15, 1917, that this fact took place.

The telegram from the King of England, of March 19, to Nikolas II was still addressed to him as Tsar and Emperor, and this was the reason why I, in complete agreement with Sir George, did not deliver it to its destination. Sir George's consent served as a new proof of the attention of the English Government to the changes wrought in Russia. The proposal of the King of Spain concerning 'guaranties of the future fate of the Tsar' seemed to be superfluous, in view of our English negotiations. Unless memory fails me, that proposal, mentioned in a telegram of March 23, by Prince Kudashov, was never formally communicated to me.

IV. The Provisional Government's Responsibility

My statement of facts regarding the circumstances which compelled the Provisional Government to remove Nicholas II and his family to a far-off city in Russia, rather than abroad, as had been decided, has caused a great deal of comment in the Russian and West-European press.

Just as should have been expected, most of those who have written on the

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subject attempt either to deny or, at least, to extenuate my 'disclosures.' As long as Russian and other reactionaries, seizing upon the tragic fate of the Imperial family, for three long years slandered and lied about the Provisional Government and its different members, not one of the persons who really knew what had taken place thought it necessary to inform public opinion about it. But the moment I published a short and definite statement concerning the *true* reason why it became impossible for the Provisional Government to carry out its original decision to remove the former Tsar abroad, the persons who ought to be especially interested in concealing the truth immediately lost their equilibrium.

The *Daily Telegraph*,[1] which is a semi-official organ of the Foreign Office, became greatly irritated and published an explanation, in which it attempted to prove that my very serious accusation against the British Government is not in the least justified. In the opinion of the *Telegraph*, 'Not a problematic British refusal, but the pusillanimity of Kerensky and of his colleagues in dealing with the Bolsheviki is the real cause of the Ekaterinburg murders.'

I need offer no answer to the *Daily Telegraph's* observations upon the 'weakness' exhibited by me and by my colleagues in our dealings with the Bolsheviki. An argument on this point would carry us too far, for it would involve a very detailed examination of the delicate question whether it was the 'weakness' of the Provisional Government or the *game of duplicity played against it* by certain responsible representatives of Allied governments that really brought about the triumph of the Bolsheviki.

What is important for me to establish just now is the fact that the British semi-official organ completely confirms the following statement made by me: 'The Provisional Government received an official and categorical declaration to the effect that the removal of the former monarch and of his family to any part of the British Empire was utterly impossible until after the war.'

It is true that the British newspaper attempts to soften down the categorical nature of the refusal. It speaks of a desire to postpone the removal of the prisoners, in view of the fact, as it alleges, that in 1917 the German submarines were very active (near Murmansk) and presented a real danger. Then the newspaper expresses a doubt as to whether or not Nikolas II would have consented to leave Russia. And finally, the newspaper asserts that 'there is absolutely no proof that Kerensky, in the event of a favorable answer, would have been able to get his prisoners over the border.'

What would have happened if the Government of His Britannic Majesty had agreed to the proposal of the Re-

[1] The article to which M. Kerensky refers appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* for September 7, where it is signed by 'A Correspondent.' In full, it is as follows: —

Kerensky, whose futile attempts at statesmanship were largely responsible for the Bolshevik success in 1917, has suddenly seen fit to come out with a very serious accusation against the Government of this country. He pretends that for the tragic end of the Russian Imperial family the British Government is entirely to blame. M. Kerensky evidently wants to explain that he did his best to save the Imperial family, but that British diplomacy is responsible for his efforts remaining unsuccessful. As there is absolutely no proof that Kerensky, in the event of a favorable answer, would have been able to get his prisoners over the border without imperiling their lives, the whole discussion seems futile. In 1917 the German submarines had become most deadly, and had sunk several ships around Murmansk. This alone would have been reason enough for a desire to delay the crossing of the Imperial captives. It remains also to be proved whether Nikolas II desired to leave Russia. Not a problematic British refusal, but the pusillanimity of Kerensky and of his colleagues in dealingwith the Bolsheviki is the real cause of the Ekaterinburg murders.

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publican Revolutionary Government of Russia and had offered refuge to His Majesty, the former Emperor of All Russia, is a different story. What is important now, as a matter of historic record, is the fact that the Provisional Government *did not receive any such favorable reply.* The article published in the semi-official British organ leaves no further doubt on that score.

And it may be added, too, that the immediate relatives of the former Imperial family did not share the fears of the British Government concerning the dangers of the sea voyage. The archives of the British Court no doubt contain even now the letters of some of the former grand dukes, who begged insistently for a rapid and favorable decision on the question of the removal from Russia of Nikolas II and his family.

Let me repeat. The final refusal of the British Government came, if I remember correctly, in the first half of June, Old Style. Thus there is no contradiction between my statement and the March 'note' of the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, the text of which has been published in the *Nachrichtenblatt über Ostfragen.* This 'note,' delivered to Minister of Foreign Affairs Milyukov, stated that 'the King and His Majesty's Government would be happy to extend Great Britain's hospitality to the former Emperor of Russia.' Milyukov himself admits (in No. 428 of the *Posliednia Novosti*) that, even while he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, the attitude of Buchanan toward the question of the removal of Nikolas II to England changed considerably. And by June the original British proposal was already completely reversed.

M. Milyukov, with that extremely individualistic approach to the events in which he himself happened to have taken part that is so characteristic of him, attempts also to set himself apart from the other members of the Provisional Government on the question of these negotiations. He hints cautiously that Buchanan's attitude toward the matter might have been influenced by some other members of the Provisional Government — those who were under 'pressure' of the Council of Workmen's Deputies. However, M. Milyukov admits the possibility that the tendencies of the Council, which were inimical to the plan of removing the former Emperor from Russia, might have reached the British Ambassador and have influenced him through 'other sources of information.'

I do not know whether or not the Council of Workmen's Deputies really influenced Buchanan's views, or, if it did, in what particular way. But I state categorically that on the question of the removal of Nickolas II from Russia the whole Provisional Government was entirely agreed, and that negotiations to that end begun, by the direction of the Government, by Milyukov, were continued with possibly even greater insistence by his successor in office, M. I. Tereshchenko.

However, all these are mere details. The important thing is that the accusation against the Provisional Government, to the effect that it had the opportunity to remove Nikolas II and his family abroad, but did not desire to do so, is now completely dispelled.

It would seem that this is all there is to the matter. But the haters of the Provisional Government are not satisfied. They immediately change their line of attack, and by new noise attempt to cover up their defeat.

Only yesterday they were shouting at the top of their lungs that the Provisional Government deliberately frustrated all attempts on the part of foreigners to save the life of the former Imperial family. Only yesterday the imaginary refusal on our part to accept

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England's proposal caused a veritable storm of patriotic indignation.

To-day all these accusations have proved to be unfounded. But what of that? It now appears of no particular importance whether or not the Provisional Government spurned the aid of the foreigners. Even if it really was the other way around, that is no longer considered of importance. What is now taken to be of utmost importance is that, even if the Provisional Government had wanted to remove the former Tsar abroad, it would not have been able to do so, because the Council would not have allowed it. The Berlin *Rul* (No. 250) even declares that 'Kerensky himself thought so in 1917'; that is, Kerensky thought 'that it would not have been so very easy to remove Nikolas II to England.'

I have never said that it would have been 'so easy.' On the contrary, it would have been very difficult and even impossible before the middle of the summer. But by midsummer it became quite possible to remove Nikolas II from Tsarskoye-Selo, as was actually done. I have reason to assert that, technically, the removal of Nikolas II to the border would have been no more difficult than his journey to Tobolsk.

However, this is a domain of speculation, and thither I have no desire to follow my critics. Let it be that they are right, that we should not have been able to remove the former Imperial family abroad. So far as history is concerned, this supposition has no value whatever. For history, only this fact is important: that, in the summer of 1917, the former Emperor and his family remained in Russia for reasons which were outside the Provisional Government's control.

ENGLAND'S PLUNGE INTO PROTECTION

BY J. A. HOBSON

From the *Outlook*, *October* 22
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

After practising Free Trade for three quarters of a century, Great Britain has reverted to Protection. For the Safeguarding of Industries bill lays the foundations of a protective tariff. Ill-contrived, leaky, self-contradictory, 'unscientific' in a high degree, it none the less ranks as the first success of our Protectionist Party since Mr. Joseph Chamberlain began the fight just eighteen years ago. Before describing the character of the measure, it is well first to indicate the conditions under which this temporary abandonment of Free Trade has been possible.

If men were reasonable animals, they would not make wars. If they were half reasonable they would seek to repair the ravages of war by the fullest, widest, and freest coöperation in industry and commerce, irrespective of political boundaries. There exists to-day in the world an abundance of most foods and raw materials, coal, ships, and manufactur-

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ing plants, with the requisite complements of labor. But they cannot get utilized, distributed, and consumed, because of stoppages in the ordinary processes of commerce and finance, which move goods from places where they are superfluous to places where they are wanted. Never was the world in such urgent need of Free Trade as now. Yet everywhere, both in the Old and the New World, politicians are engaged in erecting new and higher barriers against the entrance into their markets of cheaper or better goods than their own people can produce. Everywhere producers want to sell abroad, but they do not want to receive the goods which are the only mode in which they can be paid for what they want to sell. So they cannot sell, because they will not buy.

Though the need for Free Trade is greater than ever, the spirit of Protection triumphs. Why? The answer is obvious. It proceeds directly from the war-psychology, the pride of national self-sufficiency, the fear, hatred, and suspicion, primarily of ex-enemies, but also of all foreigners — the moral scars which every war leaves behind. Our British experience is most instructive in this matter. Our dependence upon world-markets, both for the vital needs of our population and for the success of our commerce, was so evident that the Protectionist cause seemed a forlorn hope, even to most of its supporters, until the close of the nineteenth century. The Chamberlain campaign was floated upon the Imperialist enthusiasm of the Boer War, which furnished the illusion of a self-sufficing Empire, and the anti-foreign sentiment evoked by the sympathy of most European nations for the Boers. Mr. Chamberlain and his followers also reckoned on the favoring circumstance of depressed trade with widespread unemployment, the invariable sequel of the artificial war prosperity.

All these were *veræ causæ*, but our Protectionists overvalued and mistimed their actions. Mr. Chamberlain was right in thinking there was a flare-up of Imperialistic sentiment, but wrong in thinking he could float upon it a proposal for taxing foods. Still graver was his blunder in pronouncing death-sentence upon our great staple manufactures — steel, cotton, shipbuilding — at a time when they were visibly beginning to recover from the comparatively shallow and short depression into which they had been cast after the war. These blunders were so disastrous that his Protectionist forces were smitten hip and thigh in the election of 1906, which put the Liberal Free Traders in power with a majority so overwhelming as to lead to the belief that Protectionism was killed for all time.

Indeed, nothing short of the World War could have revived the corpse. For that war provided the conditions of the earlier experiment intensified, and with the favoring economic circumstances then lacking. Not merely did it endow our Protectionists with new strength: it left our Free Traders with new weakness. For, smitten by war panic, Liberal statesmen made themselves responsible for a set of resolutions, at the Economic Conference at Paris in 1916, which, under the guise of war-emergency provisions, contained the germs of a really virulent Protectionism. Mr. Asquith, taunted recently with this betrayal, made the quite inadequate reply that the Paris resolutions were war measures, to meet the menace of an economic Central Europe which Germany had erected. In point of fact, no such economic Central Europe existed; and, even if it had, the post-war policy laid down at Paris, as distinguished from the war-time measures, was a most noxious way of dealing with it.

Though there is no real continuity

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between the Paris resolutions and this Safeguarding of Industries bill, the moral effect of the former in weakening Free Trade principles throughout our country must count as a factor in the explanation of the Protectionist victory. There are those who would explain what has happened from the mere strength of certain groups of business interests represented in the House of Commons, business politicians who stand personally to gain by tariffs. The majority of the Conservative Party have long been convinced Protectionists; they have now been joined by Liberal Coalitionists who have been able to hedge upon their old Free Trade beliefs sufficiently to give their support to the present tariff. A few of these even confess privately to the cynical view that so bad a tariff law must discredit Protectionism by its unworkability. Others of them pretend to hold that there is nothing in the law which cannot be defended by a Free Trader on grounds of patriotism and emergency.

It contains three parts, with three separate pieces of impolicy, argued on separate lines. The first relates to key industries, imposing a duty of 33⅓ per cent upon a number of specified articles, such as organic chemicals, optical glass, magnetos, certain metallic products such as tungsten, and a variety of scientific instruments and other appliances, chiefly of German origin. This tariff is defended on the ground of national safety, supposed to be endangered by dependence upon foreign supplies of articles necessary either for military defense or for the performance of essential industrial processes. Of course, no intelligible definition of a key industry is possible that does not include agriculture and every necessary trade. The selection under the schedule (which can be enlarged at the will of a body of officials) is nothing but a scratch bundle of Protectionism bound together with anti-German spite, comprising articles in which the superior science of our late enemy enabled him to surpass our manufacturers.

Part II is of more general application, and professes to safeguard us against dumping. But dumping, as here presented, is of two sorts. The first includes all goods (other than food or drink) sold 'at prices below the cost of production.' But 'cost of production' is, by a later clause, twisted out of its natural meaning to signify either the 'wholesale price' of such goods in the country of manufacture; or, where such goods are not sold for consumption in the country of manufacture, 'the price which, having regard to the prices charged for goods *as near as may be similar* when so sold or when sold for exportation to other countries, would be so charged if the goods were sold in that country' — an allocation the etymology of which has got hopelessly entangled with its ambiguity of meaning. Picture the ordinary official mind wrestling in its earnest way with the problem of as-near-as-may-be similarity in a foreign country!

But the second sort of dumping is the sin committed by a country which, by reason of its depreciated exchange, is able to undersell us in our own market, sending goods at prices 'below the prices at which similar goods can be profitably manufactured' by us. Here a whole crop of difficulties and uncertainties arises. What does 'profitably' signify to the mind of the Five Wise Men charged with the administration of these clauses? Again, dumping of either sort is only reprehensible if, by reason of it, 'employment in any industry in the United Kingdom is being or is likely to be seriously affected.' Finally, what is wholesale price'? Apart from the fact that wholesale prices vary, in any market, with the size of the

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consignment, the time-conditions, methods of delivery and of payment, there arises the question of insurance freight, and other charges incidental to the entrance to our market. All these charges, it appears, are to be included, though this in reality involves the levying of the duty upon British shipping, banking, and insurance firms!

But these problems are simple compared with those presented to our business men and our officials in the valuation of the taxable goods, and the provisions for remission where the goods are for reëxport or are only partly manufactured in a foreign country.

The scale of duties for each dutiable class is a uniform 'one third of the value of the goods.' Thus Clause I, wholly innocent of the fierce controversies which have raged around this loosest of all economic terms! The least reflection shows that the three purposes to which this act is devoted, protection of key-industries, anti-dumping, and correction of exchange, overlap and are inextricably interwoven. Some articles are liable to double, possibly to treble, taxation because they happen to be convicted of more than one of these offenses.

There is nowhere any attempt at 'scientific' graduation. Raw materials, or semi-manufactured goods, pay as much as finished manufactures. The only stroke of intelligence consists in the omission of agriculture from tariff protection. Whether this can last is doubtful, now that the subsidies to farmers have been withdrawn; but it enables Mr. Lloyd George unctuously to say: 'Our policy does not involve a tax on food.'

Is this the beginning of the end of British Free Trade, or but a brief crazy interlude? No one can answer confidently. For it depends upon whether international relations are going to be set upon a sane and safe basis, or not. If the world is going to be kept dangerous, it is likely that we shall set ourselves to secure such national and imperial self-sufficiency as is feasible, and eke out its deficiencies by commercial and political treaties in which graded tariffs will play a part. This Act, however, is ludicrously inadequate to such a policy. For, in the first place, it does not apply to those countries with which we have treaties, conventions, and engagements of a commercial character; and these countries are twenty-six in number, including most of our non-European markets. In point of fact, the two most important countries to be penalized in export trade under this act are France and Germany. The former country has already vigorously protested against the new duties, while the latter will evidently be disabled from making her reparation payments in the only way in which they can be made, and in correcting her bad exchange in the only way in which correction is possible.

Free Traders, however, are not despondent. The exceeding badness of this act, they hold, will be their salvation. For, and soon after it is put in force, its follies, inconveniences, and futilities will breed hostility, especially among the business classes, already fed up with bureaucratic interferences and apprehensive of all new controls. A year's experience of such a tariff will suffice to expose it as the quack remedy for unemployment that it is. It can bring in no appreciable net revenues, for the tax-yield, nominally extracted from France and Germany, really from our consumers, will be eaten up by the expenses of its operation. The fresh obstacles it sets up against the revival of trade for France and Central Europe, not to speak of Russia, are not only fraught with the most perilous political consequences, but they must strike a deadly blow at the recovery of our export trade, the most sensitive part of

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our economic system. Such suffering will bring home to our people, better than any economic argumentation, the folly of tampering with the Free Trade under which, as a people dependent for three quarters of our foods and many essential raw materials, we must continue to live and move and have our being. Next winter's tribulations will teach us all we need to know about this particular way of 'safeguarding industries.'

R. L. STEVENSON: A SAMOAN MEMORY

BY MARJORIE IDE

From the *Outlook, November 5*
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

My father was appointed Chief Justice of Samoa, under England, Germany, and the United States, when I was a child. He took me and my two elder sisters with him. As there were only three hundred whites in the islands, they were driven of necessity to hobnob with each other. Moors, an American who kept a beach comber's general store, afterward wrote a book on Stevenson. Browning has a line 'I like to know the butcher paints,' and Stevenson would have been amused had he known that his provision dealer, who was uneducated and had a native wife, as was the custom, was going to write of him as one of his intimate literary friends.

When we first went to Samoa, Stevenson joined the steamer Mariposa at Honolulu; and I still possess a snapshot of him pointing out the islands to us, as we approached for the first time, and distinguishing the white waterfalls among the green-colored mountains. The island Upolu, the second largest of the group, some forty by fifteen miles, held the residence of the white-made King Malietoa and the local government. But at each end of this island Aana and Atua supported the hereditary King Mataafa, and were perpetually in revolt. There were constant rumors that these natives would join forces and sweep down on Apia. This added a good deal to the romantic state of excitement pervading the Stevenson household. Political feeling ran very strong, and Stevenson flung himself into the Samoan vortex, supporting Mataafa, and was consequently loved by the natives. There were moments, however, when the Stevensons expected to be raided, though by whom, it was uncertain; and their house was accordingly provided with hidden guns and trapdoors.

We used to ride to Vailima, which was three miles back in the bush, to dine and spend the night. Vailima was the farthest house in Samoa from the sea. The native villages were always built on the sea among the cocoanut groves, partly for fear of the ghostly inhabitants of the wood, the Aitus, and partly to be near the supply of fish to be caught in the early morning. The road to Vailima was called Loto Alafa, or

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Road of the Loving Hearts, as it was built by Samoan political prisoners, all of high-chief rank, whom Stevenson had got released. The road was supposed to be haunted. I remember once riding with my sister like mad, and Stevenson, white as ashes, trying to grasp our bridles, thinking our horses were running away. Their servants were so afraid of the ghosts that they would not sleep at Vailima.

Once we had an extraordinary adventure going through this road after dark. There was a dim moon, and as we rode through the jungle-trees that almost met overhead, our ponies suddenly stopped, whirled round, and almost crouched to the ground. Immediately in front of us, there swept, in the moonlight, about ten feet from the ground, a long, gray-white figure, twice human size and completely shrouded. It was only with the greatest difficulty that we could induce our ponies to pass the spot. Then they never stopped galloping till we reached Vailima, where the Stevenson family were greatly excited and delighted at what had occurred.

Vailima was unforgettable. It was built in a forest clearing, where Mrs. Stevenson had planted vegetables and bananas. Even cows were introduced into this remote garden in the jungle. The house was built like a large, tropical bungalow, but one whole wing was made into an imitation baronial hall, paneled with varnished native wood and filled with the family furniture brought from Scotland. Prominent among the pictures was the original drawing of the lighthouse, built by his father, of which he was so proud. The picture is now owned by my sister.

In a small morning-room was a fireplace built of bricks, rather as a remembrance of home than as a precaution against the Samoan climate, for it was the only fireplace in the islands. It enshrined the Saint-Gaudens medallion of Stevenson, reclining with a cigarette between his tobacco-soiled fingers, exactly as we recall him. The cigarettes, which he always rolled himself, were invariably made of Wills's Three Castles brand. Of the pictures which Sargent painted of Stevenson, one was kept hidden by Mrs. Stevenson, who was fanatically loyal, and resented any approach to caricature, however fine it was as a work of art. But she passed over Henley's jealous attack on Stevenson, though she could have floored Henley by publishing his begging letters. Henley could not forgive their marrying!

Entertainments were frequent at Vailima, which, by the way, means the Five Waters — like the Punjab. Entertainments were always concluded by singing the Scotch National Anthem, 'Auld Lang Syne,' with joined elbows. We always stayed the night when we dined, and were invariably awakened in the tropical mornings by the cry of Teuila, Stevenson's stepdaughter: 'Breakfast! Or the hot waffles will be cold!' To hear these words in the midst of the South Sea dawn was as homely and yet unexpected as hearing an old street-cry in the Bush.

On these occasions Stevenson entertained any local white people with whom he was on speaking terms — visiting naval officers and native chief-girls, called *taupos*. Austin Strong and my sisters were the only white children with whom I could play. Stevenson gave my sisters lessons in French, and even invented diplomas for them, which proved very useful when they showed them at school. He had an endless sense of humor; and, as I was a very shy child, he used to enjoy taking the *Beginner's Latin Book* and pointing a long finger while he examined me in Latin, with blazing eyes. One afternoon at Vailima I found an old broken musical-box, which Stevenson said I could have if I mended it. This I did by melt-

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ing down a celluloid comb for solder, and I have kept the musical-box to this day. It was a Swiss toy piano, out of which a cigarette could be pressed when the pedal at the bottom was pushed.

I cannot quite believe Mrs. Asquith's account of the habits of the Stevensons at Davos, as Mrs. Stevenson was the most particular housekeeper, a cook, and the tidiest manager. I remember how punctual we had to be at meals, and how clean everything was kept. Cleanliness was the atmosphere of Samoa, where we spent so much of the time in the water. We all had drowning adventures. My father saved Mrs. Stevenson once from drowning, I saved Austin Strong, and Lloyd Osborne saved my sister while bathing in the moonlight, after she had sunk for the third time.

We all had Samoan names. Stevenson was Tusitala, the Story-Teller; Mrs. Stevenson was Tamaitai, or Lady; Mrs. Strong was Teuila, or Adorner of the Ugly, because she once gave the chiefs some flower-wreaths; father, as Chief Justice, was Faa-ma-sino-sili, the Highest High Chief; I was the Shadow of the Cloud, Leata-ole-agiva; Adelaide, my eldest sister, was made chieftainess, or *Taupo*, of Manona Island. Our family circle of three sisters was rather complimentarily known as the Three Angels in Samoan — the chief, the tall, and the little angel. When Maxine Elliot passed through the island, the admiring natives followed her in thousands. When the thin Bishop of New Zealand came, with his legs swathed in black gaiters, they followed him with undying but honest peals of laughter.

The Stevensons used to dance to a hurdy-gurdy. They had a donkey tied up in the tennis-court. Suddenly, one memorable day, the donkey began waltzing to a particular tune and to no other, owing to some circus memory!

The Germans never came to Stevenson's house, as he fought with all of them. Vailima was bought by Dr. Solf when Samoa fell to the Germans. Solf, as German Colonial Minister, made a slight appearance on the world's stage at the end of the Great War.

Stevenson's *Bottle Imp* was translated by the missionaries into Samoan, and interested the natives immensely. They came from all over the islands to Stevenson asking to be shown the real bottle imp, never dreaming that an honorable man could have invented what was not true.

The Stevensons were very hospitable, and served their old wines from Scotland. I remember him telling us stories. One was about some Scotch tenants who were served wines, and ventured after a while to say, 'We're not getting ahead very fast, are we?' It appeared that what they wanted was whisky. The Samoan natives drank the milk from the young cocoanuts, for which they used to climb. Once we were entertaining the Stevensons when someone said, 'How dreadful to die on a deserted island of thirst because one could not climb!' 'I should die of rage!' said Stevenson.

A famous character on the island was the 'Tommy Haddon,' whom Stevenson made the hero of *The Wrecker*. His real name was Jack Buckland, but his origin was veiled in mystery. He had been left on the doorstep of a rich Sydney merchant as a baby. He was brought up and adopted as his heir; but by choice he lived in the Gilbert Islands, for about eight months of the year, and passed the other four blowing away his income in Samoa or Sydney. He was certainly as handsome as a god, and acted as courier and host to Sarah Bernhardt during her tour in Australia. At one time he wished to marry one of my sisters. However, he was perhaps pleasanter to know in a romantic book. Drink, unfortunately, got the better of

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him; and the last time we saw him he managed to pay us no fewer than four farewells in the same day without recollecting the last.

In the midst of the strange society which collected like flotsam and jetsam in the Southern Seas, Stevenson kept his picturesque personality. To this day I can remember his dress — the brown velveteen jacket over the tan-cotton corduroy trousers, the red silk sash round his waist, the cream-colored yachting cap, and a long, flowing tie. Stevenson and his wife often wore rings on their toes, for they all went about barefoot. His foot was as slender as a woman's hand, and his hair was allowed to grow almost to his shoulders. But he was never slovenly, and as clean as a pin. His eyes made the most striking feature — a brown blaze set in his pale face. Rather than being emaciated, he had the daintiest and most fragile bone-frame imaginable in a man, while his restless spirit lit the whole body of flesh like a light in an alabaster lamp.

Mrs. Stevenson struck me, both in looks and voice, as extraordinarily like the late Lady Randolph Churchill. Both were fascinating to young men, and both had the dark eyes that age could not dim. When I was a child I had a bad fever, and Mrs. Stevenson nursed me. I was so frightened of her that my temperature went up to 106. But she was a born nurse, and I remember her sitting by my bed bathing my brow. It was her wonderful care that kept Stevenson alive as long as she succeeded in doing.

We were in New Zealand when the end came. A week before, Stevenson had dined with my family, on the eve of their departure. His last letter was found unfinished on his desk. It was addressed to my sister Adelaide, they told us, but it has never been published. He was not consumptive, but he suffered from a heart action which was too strong for his brittle arteries. The first steamer from Samoa brought us news of his death. So he died among the faithful native servants, whom he believed to be a lost tribe of the Greeks, and for whose rights he had used his powerful pen. Not the least pleasing result of the war has been the return of his grave to the English flag, and the delivery of the places associated with him from German custody. Like Rupert Brooke, his ashes make a distant island forever part of English literature.

By his will Stevenson left a most precious and intangible possession to my sister — nothing less than his birthday (as she had complained that, being born on Christmas Day, she never celebrated her own). Every November 13 our family solemnly keep it, for Stevenson laid down legally that, if she failed to do so, it should revert to the President of the United States *pro tempore*.

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TRANSITION IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

BY ABBÉ WETTERLÉ

[Abbé Wetterlé is now Deputy for the Upper Rhine in the French Chamber and was formerly a member of the German Reichstag.]

From the *Times, French Supplement*
(Northcliffe Press)

It was a great mistake on the part of Bismarck and Moltke, in 1871, to have urged the German princes to annex Alsace and Lorraine to the German Empire. The Imperial Administration committed a blunder even more big with menace when it refused the Reichsland the comparative self-government enjoyed by all the German states.

The Alsatians and Lorrainers were French at heart. Nevertheless, by allowing them to govern themselves, they could have been gradually brought to accept with resignation the new state of things, from which they could have derived certain material advantages. Unfortunately for the peace of Europe, the Prussian does not know how to make himself liked, as Bismarck himself recognized. The whole German policy in Alsace and Lorraine may be summed up in a phrase which was published in 1898 by the *Strassburger Post*, the organ of the Strassburg Government, on the morrow of the elections: *Oderint dum metuant.*

Suppression of French in education, refusal of *permits de séjour* and passports, fines and imprisonment for seditious cries and emblems, the almost complete restriction of administrative posts to German officials, and, above all, the refusal of a really liberal Constitution — all these were acts of government which were inevitably destined to produce the gravest results upon a population alike intelligent and cultured, devoted to liberty and hostile to any restraint.

It is, therefore, in no way surprising that, after forty-four years of occupation of the two provinces, the German was detested by the original inhabitants of the country as much as, and even more than, he was on the morrow of the annexation. During the war, the conflict became even more acute. The generals who had been put in the place of the civil government treated the Alsatians and Lorrainers as enemies. There was no end to the deportations, condemnations, and persecutions of all kinds. Twenty-three thousand Alsatians and Lorrainers, who had succeeded in crossing the frontier, joined the French army. Those who were obliged, in spite of themselves, to serve in the German army, were always looking out for opportunities to surrender; and it became necessary to send them to the Russian front, in order to put an end to these desertions.

When at last the Armistice came, the French troops were received with overflowing enthusiasm by the population in the two freed provinces. Unless one were present at this demonstration of delirious joy, one could not realize the deep feeling of a people that had lived for nearly half a century in the worst kind of slavery, and was now recovering, together with its long-lost and always tenderly loved mother-country, true freedom.

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Two years and a half have passed since this ever-memorable occasion. What is the situation in Alsace and Lorraine to-day? How are they settling down to their new life? It cannot be denied that there have been certain cases of friction. To what are these to be attributed?

France is a unified country, with a central legislation. Germany was a federative Empire, in which each State had its sovereign, its ministry, its body of officials, and its particular laws. For forty-four years the Alsatians had had no other means of defending themselves against absorption by Prussia than to claim the largest possible state autonomy within the limits of the Imperial Constitution of 1871. They, therefore, became ardently particularist.

From this defensive policy, which was theirs during the long years of their slavery, they have retained the habit of clinging to their customs and local traditions, and of considering any official not belonging to their own race as an intruder.

Further, during the last half-century, the legislation of Alsace and Lorraine, which the Germans had at first maintained, grew steadily further away from that of France. It was, therefore, difficult, without injuirng the material and moral interests of the population, to introduce, all at once, into the liberated provinces all the laws of the Republic. The adaptation could be achieved only with wise caution, if a violent reaction were not to be aroused.

Above all, there was the religious problem, which presented itself with appalling acuteness. Alsace and Lorraine had no experience of the separation of Church and State, any more than of lay schools. Certain officials from the interior of France, who had not been chosen with judgment, tried, during the first few days after the liberation of the country, to bring about too rapid changes. They thereby aroused a movement of protest, which was pacified and restrained by the wiser and better-advised policy of M. Millerand. At the present time, the earlier misunderstandings are tending to disappear, although some traces are still to be found.

When one talks of the problem of Alsace and Lorraine, one must, further, never forget that it is complicated by the presence in the three new French Departments of 300,000 Germans, naturalized by an unfortunate clause in the Treaty of Versailles. This Treaty practically recognizes the right of every German living in the country to claim French nationality, if he has married an Alsatian or a Lorraine woman, or if his parents were settled in the two provinces before 1870, or if one of his ancestors was an Alsatian or Lorrainer of French origin. What it was absolutely necessary to do was to allow the French authorities, with the help of the local municipalities, to examine cases on their merits. But since the naturalizations had to be granted as a right, France was obliged to receive among her nationals a number of irreconcilable enemies; and this is what has happened. The Germans who have thus become citizens of the Republic have devoted all the resources of their ingenious minds to encouraging and aggravating misunderstandings. We must make a large allowance for this element of disorder when studying the problem before us. The authors of the Treaty of Versailles did not foresee it, or rather did not take account of it, in spite of the numerous warnings given them by competent authorities.

Very few genuine Alsatians or Lorrainers are friendly to Germany. On the other hand, a certain number of them are to be found who have not given up, at least in practice, their particularist ideas. They declare

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themselves glad to have become French, and so they are, but they wish to be French in their own way. Without regard to the unitary Constitution of France, they defend the principle of a very extended regionalism, which would allow the two provinces to govern themselves, and to keep their own legislation.

The great majority, however, recognize that the adaptation to French law is the object to be aimed at as quickly as possible. It remains to be seen how and when this adaptation can be made without injuring the material interests and the habits of the population. On this point opinions differ. The work, however, is already far advanced. The points on which an agreement has not yet been possible are the following.

The Alsatians and the Lorrainers are living under the régime of the Concordat of 1801, which was abolished in France in 1905. The population is very religious. It does not want to have anything to do with the Separation Law. As relations stand between the French Republic and the Vatican, this question can be settled only by a common agreement between the two Powers. France does not regard it as urgent. No doubt, the threat of a change of régime alarms the Catholics and believing Protestants of the country; but it is still far off, and one may rest assured that the solution of the conflict, if conflict there is to be, will be in conformity with the desires of those interested.

The question of the schools is more serious. In Alsace and in Lorraine the public schools are denominational. In the rest of France they are neutral. The French Catholics have created all over the territory innumerable free schools, where they can have their children brought up in a manner respectful of their religious convictions. In Alsace and Lorraine freedom of education practically did not exist. Believers did not even ask for it, because the public schools gave them all desirable guarantees. If, then, neutral schools were introduced into the two freed provinces according to French law, the Catholics and orthodox Protestants would be deprived of all means of defense, and their position would be worse than that of their co-religionists in the interior. Hence the energetic protests which all believers have raised against the introduction of a legislation that would run seriously counter to their convictions.

Up to the present moment, the French authorities have respected the denominational character of the primary education. Complaints, however, have been made with regard to the choice of certain teachers from other provinces, who, in violation of the local law, have attempted to exercise an unfortunate influence on the minds of their pupils. So far as can be seen, it will be difficult to change the existing situation, to which the population is very much attached. Let us hope that the sectarianism of French Radicals will spare the Alsatians and Lorrainers a trial which would be particularly painful to them.

Another subject of disagreement is the language question. The Alsatians have for centuries spoken a German dialect, which, however, is profoundly different from literary German. This dialect is not a written language. The linguistic medium for written thought was, therefore, during the last half-century, the classic German to which it was related. The Germans had entirely proscribed the use of French in the schools. Hence, if one does not count the *bourgeois* families who have steadily kept up the use of French, the people of Alsace, although they spoke it only because they were obliged to do so, knew nothing but German.

The French Government considered that it must use every means to sub-

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stitute instruction in the national language for the use of the German idiom. It cannot be blamed for this. As a matter of fact, literary German was not the mother-tongue of the Alsatians or of a part of the Lorrainers. It would, therefore, have been ridiculous to cultivate its study artificially, and to teach French only by way of comparison. Instruction in French by the direct method was therefore introduced into the schools. The results are already very appreciable; and after two years of experience, although the native teachers are not well equipped for employing the method, the children already speak French very correctly.

Nevertheless, there is still a certain amount of resistance on this point, especially on the part of intellectuals, who, being obliged to use a language with which they are not yet entirely familiar, feel themselves somewhat at a disadvantage. A campaign in favor of 'German the mother-tongue' has been opened by certain local newspapers. The school authorities have not considered it necessary to pay heed to this, and they are right. The facts are there. The children learn French very willingly, and they are rapidly coming to make use of it, even in their private conversation. It cannot be too often repeated that for the Alsatians literary German has always been a foreign language, which they used only when obliged to do so. Besides, German is already being sufficiently taught in the schools, with a view to facilitating relations with the neighboring country. In any case, it is absolutely necessary that the inhabitants of Alsace should be familiar with the language of their fellow countrymen.

I will add that, in order to have regard to the habits of the generations brought up in German schools, all administrative documents are drawn up in both languages, and that the utmost tolerance is shown to all those who, through no fault of their own, are not able to speak French before tribunals or in public offices. The agitation about this language question is a purely artificial one. As a matter of fact, at least 50 per cent of the inhabitants of the country already speak the national language more or less correctly, and all the rest are desirous of learning it. In two or three years, no one will object any longer to the employment of the direct method.

There remains the opposition which was inevitable between certain officials from the interior and a population which they did not understand. I have already said that the choice made by the French Government was not always a happy one. But that can be easily explained. Having to fill the places, without a moment's delay, of about 3500 officials of German origin, of all grades, who had left the country after the Armistice, one had to take rather at random all the candidates who presented themselves. It is not very surprising that, among the considerable number of those who were thus hastily appointed, some proved not to possess the qualities required for their delicate task. The effect produced by the strange attitude of these 'improvised' officials was none the less regrettable.

The Alsatian and the Lorrainer are very independent in character and naturally inclined to be critical of all government. Hence, there have been individual cases of friction. It would be wrong, however, to imagine that the intelligent and thoughtful native allows himself to be led into holding France responsible for the mistakes of individuals. He uses his regained liberty — and with delight! — to criticize individuals unsparingly. But at bottom he remains attached to the mother-country.

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SHAKESPEARE'S PATRIOTISM

BY FRANK HARRIS

From the *Saturday Review, October* 22
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

I HAVE seen in English prints recently a dozen allusions to Shakespeare's patriotism, and on August 7 I was surprised to find that Mr. J. C. Squire took the ordinary view of this question and put it forward positively. In the course of an article on Croce, the Italian dry-as-dust critic of Shakespeare, he wrote in the *Observer:* 'If there is one thing clear about Shakespeare it is that he felt a peculiar affection for his own country and that (since he was far too intelligent not to have put the question to himself) he was prepared to defend his patriotism on practical grounds.' Now this is the ordinary opinion and something more. Mr. Squire does ascribe to Shakespeare something of his own intelligence, and sees that, if his assumption is correct, Shakespeare would certainly have been prepared to defend his love of England.

But to Mr. Squire, Shakespeare is an entity, not a human being who grew and nearly all whose opinions changed with his growth.

To clear the ground, we must admit that patriotism in its extremest form has always been popular in England. Did not Mr. Lloyd George once declare that Britain was the most beautiful country in the world? Everyone admitted it, he added naïvely; which reminds me that President Krüger told me once, in the same spirit, that everyone who used his eyes could see that the sun went round the earth. But, as love of country is perennially popular in Britain, when we find a young dramatist beating the patriotic drum very loudly, we should take his pæans with a certain discount. Still, it is probable — certain even, if you will — that young Shakespeare, writing in the time of the Armada, did feel a good deal of patriotic fervor. In the famous passage in *Richard II*, he tries, as Mr. Squire guessed he would, to give a reason for the faith that was in him.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, Blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world . . . .

'This land of such dear souls' shows that Shakespeare was willing to justify his patriotic feeling.

King John was written, in my opinion, about the time of the Armada, and everyone remembers the end of it, phrased by the famous Bastard: —

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

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This 'if' should be kept in mind, I think: it is significant. *If* England rests true to her best self, Shakespeare tells us, it will be well with her.

The patriotism in *Henry V* is more general, louder-lunged, and more emphatic, but not so sincere. The Archbishop of Canterbury says: —

O noble English that could entertain
With half their forces, the full pride of France;

and the chorus echoes him: —

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart.

Even the famous speech of King Henry seems to me mere echo — Shakespeare ventriloquizing, so to speak. Even the words which induced Carlyle to say there was 'a good stroke, too, in this Shakespeare,' do not ring true: —

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Now limbs made in Timbuktu are just as good as limbs made in England. Shakespeare knew this too, I am pretty sure; knew that 'the dear souls' was the true defense, and not the stalwart limbs. Almost the whole of *Henry V* is to me, factitious: Shakespeare trying to win the groundlings. But accept it as its face-value, make as much of it as you please, it cannot carry this argument.

I have dealt elsewhere with Shakespeare's snobbishness, with his admiration of the young English noblemen whom he has incarnated once for all in Mercutio; young fellows like Southampton, Pembroke, and perhaps Essex, who sat on the stage and listened to his plays with warm appreciation. But suddenly we notice that he has begun to see even this best class of Englishmen as they are, with all their imperfections and shortcomings. The scene between Portia and her maid, Nerissa, in *The Merchant of Venice*, is unforgettable: —

Nerissa. — What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia. — You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Now, just as when one reads the *Englische Fragmente* of Heine, one is startled by certain words that give the very heart of the matter, so I am startled by this. It shows young Shakespeare outgrowing patriotic snobbery and judging my lords Pembroke and Southampton as they were. They are ignorant, he sees, learned in no language but their own; a proper man's picture, but a dumb show. The Englishman, then, was badly dressed; today he is well dressed, the best-dressed man in the world; but, oh, how often is he only a proper man's picture, a poor dumb show. And then his manners. He got his behavior everywhere, Shakespeare says, and it is still to seek.

Shakespeare, one remembers, was blamed for his 'too great sweetness of manners.' This is his reply. Better too great sweetness of manners than the rudeness of the common herd.

So far, I imagine, I shall carry Mr. Squire, even, with me. But now I have to appeal to those who know the soul of Shakespeare and the heights to which he climbed. It is significant to me that toward the very end, in *Cymbeline*, Shakespeare's beloved Imogene should say this of Britain: —

Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;

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In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee think
There's livers out of Britain.

And more significant still is the *Timon of Athens*, with the great fifth scene in the third act, which should be learned by heart by everyone who wants to know our Shakespeare's supreme intelligence and imperial vision. From the words at the beginning given to Alcibiades, 'For pity is the virtue of the law,' down to Alcibiades's great phrase, which, I think, conveys Shakespeare's considered opinion more perfectly than it is given anywhere else: —

'T is honour with most lands to be at odds.

Here is the first intimation of the truth that the great man always stands above his countrymen and is of necessity often opposed to them.

' 'T is honour with most lands to be at odds.' That was Shakespeare's opinion, as it was also the opinion of one still more sacred.

This steady growth in insight leads me to the final and conclusive proof that Shakespeare saw patriotism fairly; for he was the very first, I think, to see beyond patriotism to humanity. How singular this was, even in those spacious days, can be gauged from the fact that Bacon, a man of extraordinary power of mind, when speaking of greatness and great men, puts first the maker of States, then the savior of the State, then the enlarger of the State, and so on. He might have been a Roman with patriotism as a religion, who had never learned that anything could transcend the State.

But Shakespeare goes clean beyond all this. He had identified himself with Antony as he had identified the Dark Lady of the Sonnets with Cleopatra, and he found for Antony words of the highest praise. Even Cæsar mourns his death: —

The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

And Agrippa betters this with the true word for Antony-Shakespeare: —

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.

Shakespeare came to think little of patriotism, because he was one of those destined to steer humanity.

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CONFIDENCES OF GENERAL VON MOLTKE

BY RUDOLF STEINER

[This interview with General Helmuth von Moltke, who was Chief of Staff of the Imperial German Army at the beginning of the World War, was given to Rudolf Steiner, an Austrian sociologist, who later communicated it to M. Jules Sauerwein, a correspondent of the Paris Matin, *at Dornach in Switzerland. In 1919 Dr. Steiner was prevented by Prussian protests from publishing the memoirs of General von Moltke, presumably because these memoirs were objectionable, not so much because they constitute an accusation against the Imperial Government, as because they show that Government to have been more disordered and less competent at the beginning of the war than has hitherto been believed.]*

From *L'Indépendance Belge, October* 6
(Liberal Progressive Daily)

At the end of 1914, Moltke, who had been Chief of the General Staff since 1905, went to Karlsbad for his health. To the time of his death, he knew nothing of what had taken place at the famous Potsdam Council on the fifth or sixth of July; for he did not get back to Berlin until after the ultimatum to Serbia.

From the time of his arrival, he had, he said, a conviction that Russia was going to attack. He saw clearly the tragic development which matters were going to assume; that is to say, he believed that the intervention of France and England in a world-conflict was certain and he wrote a memorandum for the Emperor, containing his plan of operation.

The plan of the German General Staff in its main lines had remained the same for more than fifteen years. It had been devised by von Schlieffen, the predecessor of von Moltke. You know the principle: a launching of great masses of troops against France, in order to secure a swift result at any cost; and the dispatch of a comparatively weak army against Russia, for a defense which it was intended to complete later after the success of operations on the Western front, which was regarded as practically certain. Von Moltke had not modified the plan of his predecessor except in one point, which was, however, very important. General von Schlieffen had mapped out a simultaneous attack by way of Belgium and Holland. Von Moltke, in order to give Germany a chance to breathe in case of a blockade, had given up the attack by way of Holland.

When he reached headquarters on Friday, the thirtieth of July, he found himself in the midst of madmen; he had, he said, the impression that he alone was able to make a decision. He requested the Emperor to sign the order for mobilization — an order which, in Germany, was strictly equivalent to a declaration of war, because, from the time this order was signed, everything, including the first military operations, took place at fixed hours, automatically and inexorably; but William II contented himself for the day with declaring a 'state of the danger of war.' The next day, Saturday, July thirty-first, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he had von Moltke summoned again, and during the next six hours the drama took place.

Von Moltke found the Kaiser in company with Bethmann-Hollweg, whose

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knees were literally shaking, the Minister of War, Falkenhayn, Generals von Plesson, Linke, and some others. The Kaiser expressed himself vigorously in opposition to the plan of the Chief of the General Staff. He declared that he had received the very best news from England. Not only were England's armies neutral, — it was King George V who had informed him, — but she would even restrain France from taking part in the war. Under these conditions, it was logical to hurl the whole army upon Russia.

'No,' replied von Moltke, 'the plan ought to be executed West and East, just as it was conceived.' Objections did not move him. 'Marching orders,' he said, 'must be given without delay.'

He put no faith in the English dispatches; and as he already had in his hand the order for mobilization, which William II had just signed, he retired hastily as soon as he could, leaving the others victims of complete dismay. Technical military motives, then, were partly responsible for the decision for the extension of the war.

While he was between the palace and the General Staff Headquarters his motor-car was overtaken by a swift automobile from the palace. The Kaiser wanted him. Before he went back to the palace, von Moltke gave the order for mobilization to his aide-de-camp, and said to him: 'Move the troops forward.'

The Kaiser was more than ever dismayed. He showed his Chief of Staff a telegram from the King of England. He saw in the telegram positive assurances that the conflict would be limited to the East, that England and France would be neutral. 'You must immediately countermand the orders to the troops you have moved forward,' he concluded. Moltke refused. 'You cannot handle an army by alternately giving orders and countermanding them,' he said. Then the Kaiser, on his own authority, gave the aide-de-camp orders to telephone to General Headquarters that the German army should remain at least an hour's march from the French and Belgian frontiers.

Moltke went to his own quarters. He sat down stubbornly at his table. He declared that he would not give the countermanding order that was necessary to make the Kaiser's telephone order regular. An aide-de-camp brought it to him for signature. He refused and sent it away. He remained in a kind of daze until ten o'clock at night. At ten o'clock there was a knock on his door. The Kaiser was hunting for him again. He hastened to the palace. There William, who had already started to bed, got up in his underclothes, put on a dressing-gown, and gave vent to his opinions. Everything was changed. It was all wrong. The King of England had just explained in a new telegram that he had been misunderstood, and that he could not give, either in his own name or in the name of France, any engagement whatever. He ended by saying to von Moltke: 'Now do what you want to.'

The war was beginning.

During the month of August, I saw General von Moltke only once — on the twenty-sixth of August, at Koblenz. We had a conversation on subjects which were 'merely personal.' The battle of the Marne was taking place, under conditions which were of a nature to make a profound impression on the general. In manœuvres he had three times carried out the advance against Paris on a reduced scale. Three times von Kluck, who ordinarily commanded the right wing, had advanced too fast. After each separate manœuvre, von Moltke would say to him: 'If in real operations you go so fast as that, we shall lose the war.' When von Kluck's army was surrounded, he was

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struck with a terrifying premonition: 'Germany has lost the war.'

When he went back to General Headquarters on September thirteenth, von Moltke gave the impression of a sick man. From that time, it was in reality von Falkenhayn who commanded the army, without having the official title. Some days later, as von Moltke was confined to his bed, William II came to pay him a visit.

'Is it still I,' he asked the Kaiser, 'who am conducting operations?'

'I really think it is,' replied William II.

So for three weeks, the Kaiser did not even know who was the true chief of his troops.

Here is a new illustration of the opinion that was entertained of William II in his own entourage. One day, when von Moltke was describing to me the sentiments of profound horror which he experienced in going back through Belgium after the fall of Antwerp, I spoke to him for the first time of the plan of attack by way of Belgium. 'How did it happen,' I asked him, 'that a Minister of War could bring himself to say in the Reichstag that plans of attack across Belgium did not exist?' 'The minister did not know my plan,' replied von Moltke. 'Only the Chancellor was familiar with it.'

'And the Kaiser?'

'Never in my life,' said von Moltke with emphasis. 'He is too much given to talking and too indiscreet. He would have told the whole world about it.'

INDIA'S INDUSTRIAL OBJECTIVE

BY Y. A. THOMBARE

From the *Hindustan Review, October*
(HINDU PRO-ENGLISH POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE World War has shaken the capitalistic organization of industry to its foundations. As a result of the cataclysm, old ideas are being pulled down and old institutions overhauled. India also has been profoundly stirred by the forces of liberalism unloosed by it. She has further been vivified as never before by the great non-coöperation movement of self-discipline, self-purification, and self-sacrifice launched by Mahatma Gandhi. There is so far no reason to fear that India's contribution toward the reconstruction of the world will not do credit to the pristine purity of her ideals regarding betterment of the human race.

India's greatest need to-day is the development of her vast resources of raw materials so as to possess an industrial equipment on a par with that of the rest of the 'civilized' world — factories to make her own machinery for the requirements of her mills, her own locomotives for her railways, her own motors, steel plates, and aeroplanes. These, it is argued, constitute the *sine qua non* of a modern nation, and without them India's citizens must remain exposed to danger from the attacks of

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outsiders. To a full development of her resources there can be no objection from any quarter. But *cui bono?* — and shall it be on the lines of capitalism? These are the paramount questions which face her.

Capitalism is based on the motive of profit to the capitalist. It cannot flourish without markets, to secure which it does not hesitate to make war — at any rate, in the last resort. It forces weaker peoples to buy its manufactures at the point of the bayonet. In its essence it is thus opposed to the peace of the world, intensifying old feuds, racial jealousies, and national greeds. It is thus the foster-parent of militarism. It is unfair to its own nationals. It has never worked smoothly, even in the continent of its birth. Its inefficiency is being brought home more and more even to its active advocates, leading in several places to a creeping paralysis of social and industrial life. There has, in consequence, arisen an incessant demand for drastic changes and a complete transformation of the economic structure of society.

But even if it were possible to get rid of the evils of the capitalistic system, is not India confronted by an insurmountable difficulty in the way of her success, in that she is a subject nation? Her interests have always been subordinated to those of the dominating country, and its effects are writ indelibly in the huge drain on her wealth, the extinction of her world-famed manufactures, and her consequent impoverishment and misery. She is now said to have the same liberty to 'consider' her interests as Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. But will she be allowed to take action, irrespective of who may be hit by it? As long as the Governor-General remains responsible to Parliament and the Government of India is constituted as it is, the Government and the Legislature of India are not bound to be in agreement over important fiscal measures. Then our new-found liberty is confined to matters purely of Indian interest. But in these days of international trade, matters of any consequence can hardly remain 'purely of Indian interest.' In a conflict about them, India must needs go to the wall. In his recent reply to the Lancashire delegation, Mr. Montagu is reported to have said that he was determined to maintain the right given to the Government of India to consider India's interest first, like Britain and the rest of the Empire. But the right must remain unsatisfactory as long as India is unable herself to maintain it adequately. No doubt British trade is in need of the good-will of India for the sake of its own prosperity. But if India is allowed to have her own fiscal way, she will adopt a policy of protection, and the question cannot but arise ultimately, whether her action can be looked upon as consonant with her solidarity within the British Empire. Unfortunately, the world-situation is only too full of possibilities giving rise to those 'exceptional circumstances' which Mr. Montagu declared as justifying the Secretary of State's intervention in matters purely of Indian interest. How would Indian capitalistic interests fare in that eventuality?

The Indian Merchants' Chamber and Bureau are not a body of non-coöperators. Nevertheless, when they recently had an exchange of views with the head of the Supreme Government's Commerce and Industry Department, for the purpose of mutual help and coöperation, they could not disguise their suspicion and distrust toward Government, and plainly showed fear lest Indian interests should suffer at the hands of the Government. Even an Anglo-Indian daily, in referring to the incident was led to remark: 'But while we feel that the Chamber has not done itself credit by its fulminations upon

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false premises, we can understand the apprehensions prevailing in Indian industrial and commercial sections, on the strength of past history, lest there should be appointed to take charge of the [fiscal] Commission some Englishman who would have an unfair bias in favor of the British export trade.' The view that Indian fears are not unjustifiable gains strength from the fierce competition that is inevitable between England, America, and Japan for world-supremacy and, therefore, for capturing Indian trade. Germany, with her colossal burden of the reparation charges, will also be compelled to try her chances in the competition. Under the stimulus of conditions created by the war, America greatly increased her power of production, and cannot now find buyers for her manufactures. Great Britain finds herself in no happier predicament, and yet her productive capacity is now at least fifty per cent in excess of the pre-war standard.

Then there are further reasons why the growth of Indian industrialism is expected to be hampered by British direction. Twenty-eight millions of the people of Great Britain depend upon foreign trade for their livelihood. They have a standard of living which is much higher than what obtains in this country. There can be no finality to the economic advancement of a country which flourishes on capitalism. Then there is the need for England to engage in as comprehensive a programme of ship-building as that of the United States, so as not to be outstripped by them in naval power, and this at a time when her ability to meet the increased expenditure is questionable. The Dominions are asked to lighten the mother-country's burden in this respect, and they in their turn desire to participate in England's profits from her oversea dependencies.

All this portends, sooner or later, a concentration of strong alien capitalistic forces on Indian soil, in addition to making it their dumping-ground for 'home' products, to oust the Indian competitor from the ground he may dare to occupy. The might of the British arms would make the issue of such an unequal struggle a foregone conclusion. Indian capitalists may be tolerated so far as they may consent to their absorption by their British rivals, just as Indian ministers are; but beyond that they will receive scant mercy. The fate of the venerable fabric of the Austrian Empire is a standing warning in this respect. The Big Four dropped it like a bowl of porcelain, on the ground. What guaranty is there that the pogrom spirit which could ruin the economic structure of Central Europe would leave that of India uninjured?

India again cannot go on playing the second fiddle *ad infinitum*. She has her own pressing problems to solve, and a moment's delay in dealing with them will be nothing less than criminal. The writer of a very careful and elaborate article in the *Indian Journal of Economics* says that, in 1916–17, the best year from the agricultural point of view, despite restrictions on export of food-grains to foreign countries due to the war, so many as 160,000,000 people were in a position to get only 79 per cent of the coarsest kinds of food-grains, to maintain them in health and strength. Two thirds of the population, he continues, always get only three fourths of the amount of food-grains they should have, and it is just possible, he further goes on, that one third of the above number (two thirds of the population) may be getting a little less than 90 per cent of their requirements, and the rest of the two thirds, or 100,000,000, in spite of hard labor, may be getting for a greater part of the year less than sixty per cent of food-grains that are given to the worst sort of criminals

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in the jails of the United or Central Provinces.

It is surely a very alarming state of affairs. An examination of the brief analysis of the census figures issued by the Government of India, and of the facts recorded in the vital statistics of the country during the past few years, reveals, in the words of the *Times of India*, that 'there has been a decline of both birth-rate and survival-rate since 1913, and during 1918 and 1919 births were fewer than deaths, while the stimulus which the war gave to agriculture did not affect the population figures.' After making due allowance for the terrific havoc caused by the influenza epidemic and the famine among the population, it could not suppress 'an uneasy feeling that the modernization and current material improvement of Indian life are not being accompanied by an equally promising betterment in the health of the people, but rather the reverse.'

Thus India is menaced by a grave danger, in the form of the food or vitality problem of the vast bulk of her population. Every other question must necessarily pale into insignificance before it. It would be a national disaster of the first magnitude if this problem of problems were neglected, and India's man-power were to be seriously crippled as a result.

The remedy, to be of any use, must be one which will add to the inadequate resources of the masses in fighting the dire enemy of semi-starvation. No amount of success in the growth of capitalism will be able to effect this. There is not space enough in the cities, which are the citadels of capitalism, to accommodate all the population of the villages, and they must always look to the soil for their sustenance. What is required is to provide them with an occupation which will supplement their income, and thus render them capable of earning and retaining enough food for themselves.

An ideal occupation is that of spinning and weaving. The spinning-wheel is cheap, is easily made and repaired by the village carpenter, and requires only a small capital for raw material. The yarn can be woven in almost every village. Vast potentialities have now been opened out by the introduction of the *Charkha* propaganda and the boycott of foreign cloth, The prices of cloth may leap up for a time as a consequence; but it will not be an unmixed evil for the villagers, who, as producers, will be able to share in the profits. Again British capitalism need not become anxious, as it has endless resources. A self-reliant and self-sufficient India will, further, be a source of greater strength to the Empire than a helpless, weak, and starving India.

What is more, is the promise of the rise of a peasantry in India, healthier, cleaner, freer, and sweeter than the population ground down by capitalism, which will ever furnish an object-lesson stimulating the European societies wrecked by war to revive similar rural societies amongst themselves.

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COMRADESHIP IN INDUSTRIALISM

BY LORD LEVERHULME

From the *Sunday Times, October* 16
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

HAPPENING to be in the United States toward the end of 1919, only a few weeks after the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada and the United States, a prominent New York business man said to me: 'Your Prince of Wales is your greatest asset in the cultivation of friendly relations with our country'; and after last Wednesday's speech, every business man must feel he is also our greatest inspiration in the opening up of 'our vast undeveloped estate' for the cure of unemployment and the expansion of our trade and commerce.

It is the human touch and the sound common sense of the speech that is its great strength, supported by the recognition of comradeship he pleads for in industrialism. It was Ruskin who declared that the man who said that two and two made four, and could not under any conceivable circumstances make more or less than four, and who left human nature out of his calculation, would be wrong every time; and this is equally true — even more so — of the trade and commerce of our great Empire.

Behind all the hard facts and hard knocks of business stands the human element of comradeship and of 'men in a world of men.'

The Americans are said to be the hardest, keenest, and most successful business men the world has ever produced; yet they are giving each year, in their industrial organization, more and more care and thought to the man and the woman behind the machine — to the human element in their organization.

The following verses by Mr. Tom Dreier, of Boston, indicate better than any words of mine this American view of the man behind the machine, which is being cultivated there, and it behooves us all to study carefully and follow wisely the suggestion and inspiration of comradeship given us by the Prince of Wales.

The verses are as follows: —

Business is business, but men are men,
Working, loving, and dreaming;
Toiling with hammer, brush, or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.
Business is business, but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the Golden Rule,
His love for friend and brother.

Business is business, but life is life,
So we're all in the game to win it.
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife
And try to be friends a minute.
Let's seek to be comrades now and then
And slip from our golden tether.
Business is business, but men are men,
And we're all good friends together.

In our world-wide British Empire circumstances have dealt to us a winning hand. All we are asked to do is to play the game and to make the most of our opportunities, to the best of the skill and ability science has placed at our disposal. If we do this in the truest spirit of comradeship, scrapping all snobbish distinctions, all wasteful methods, making the fullest and most complete use of all labor-saving appliances for increasing output, while reducing

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exhausting strain and toil, then the twentieth century will become the golden age for the workers, and Labor will enjoy a degree of comfort, welfare, and happiness founded on full employment for all those willing and able to work.

The foundation of this prosperity will be comradeship and a full recognition of the solemn duty resting on each and all, Capital, Labor, and Consumer of Service, to mankind and each other.

We are all apt to try and diagnose the causes of the present world-wide collapse of trade and commerce, and resulting unemployment, and to provide our quack remedies. *One of these quack remedies is subsidies. There is nothing new in subsidies.* Wherever tried, they have always failed; for though it may be possible to subsidize one trade, we can never subsidize all trades; for that would destroy all business. There will be only one permanent relief for unemployment, and that will be to stimulate production by availing ourselves of every labor-saving device that science can place at our disposal.

What is capital? It is the surplus saved beyond the immediate necessities of the saver. It is only by self-denial and resistance of temptation to spend, that capital can be created. It is the men and women, whatever their age or rank or station, who save above their immediate necessities, who acquire capital. We have arrived at our present state of civilization and comfort entirely owing to the savings of those frugal, careful, self-denying persons who have spent less than their incomes, and so have become capitalists.

The Chinese coolie can carry on his back a load of one hundred pounds for a distance of twenty miles in one day, and can live on a wage of fivepence per day. He is the most efficient human carrying-machine in the whole world. No one of British stock can in any way compete with him. And yet our system of railways, built with the capital of our frugal, self-denying savers, enables us not only to compete successfully, but to pay over thirty times the coolie daily wage to our railway men, and to reduce to one quarter the cost of transport from point to point. We owe this victory to science, by which, on a simple line of rails, laid on sleepers on practically level roadbeds, we can run railway trucks and carriages, drawn by locomotives at the utmost possible speed that safety permits, with a fraction of the labor and expense of any other method of land-transport.

The railway companies have accomplished this by borrowing the capital of the frugal, and, as a result, are able to pay to men engaged in railway service not the fivepence per day of the Chinese coolie, but an average of fifteen shillings per day, and yet charge for transport, not fivepence halfpenny per ton per mile, the cost of Chinese coolie transport, but an average for all traffic goods and minerals of about one penny farthing per ton per mile.

Science applied to transport thus makes further savings possible for both labor and the consumer; and out of these savings further extensions of industries, trade, and commerce are rendered possible, and unemployment becomes a negligible social difficulty, of rare occurrence.

Another of the quack remedies for the evil of unemployment is restriction of output and limitation of the use of labor-saving machinery. The fallacy behind this quack remedy is the obsession in the minds of some backward trade-unionists that employment is as limited as seats in a theatre; and that if one man occupies a seat, he is keeping another man out of employment; and that if a labor-saving machine is placed by science at the disposal of industry, which would enable one man to do the

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work it previously required twenty men to do, as a consequence nineteen men must be thrown out of employment. The fact is that science and labor-saving methods, by reducing costs of production, increase demand manyfold in every direction, and particularly from new markets overseas, with the obvious corollary of employment far in excess of the labor saved by the more scientific methods.

Capital invested in railways has enabled a full train of goods, controlled by three men only, — namely, engine-driver, stoker, and guard, — to transport goods from London to, say, Aberdeen in less than one day, which would have taken two hundred and fifty men, with their full complement of wagons, horses, wagoners, grooms, and ostlers, a long month to deliver by wagon and road. Railways have not thrown men out of employment by reducing the men employed on transport, but have increased the number so employed one-hundredfold.

And what has capital invested in railways done for labor in addition to finding employment for one hundred times as many workers as previously and at five to ten times the wages of the old-time wagoner, groom, and ostler? It has made it possible for labor to take and enjoy holidays to distant places, and to visit friends otherwise inaccessible. It has brought greater comfort and happiness into their lives than ever their fathers knew of, or dreamed of as possible. As St. Paul pointed out nearly two thousand years ago in his kindergarten lesson to the Corinthians: 'We are all members one of another.' 'If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.' This is equally true of capital and labor. If capital suffers, labor suffers with it. If labor suffers, capital suffers with it. In all countries such as the United States and Great Britain, where capital employed per head of the population is the largest, where wages paid to labor are the highest, and the hours worked by labor the shortest, the comfort, welfare, and happiness of labor are the most full and complete. Equally, in all such countries, where labor is paid the highest in wages, the dividends or interest paid to capital are the lowest.

In other countries, such as China, where the amount of capital per head of the population is the lowest, wages are on the lowest scale, the hours worked by labor the longest, and the conditions of life are the poorest and most degrading.

Equally, in all countries where labor receives wages on the low scale, the dividends or interest paid to capital are on the highest scale.

In both cases the high or low rate of interest or dividends paid to capital is merely the result of cause and effect. The highest wages produce the greatest opportunities to the most people to save money, after providing for their maintenance on even the highest scale of comfort, welfare, and happiness; and where these conditions enable the most savers to produce the largest savings, there is, as the direct effect, ample capital available at the lowest rate of interest.

Equally, the lowest wages produce the rarest opportunities to the fewest people to save money, after providing for their maintenance even on the lowest and most degrading scale. With fewest savers and the smallest amount of money saved, there is, as a result, scarcity of capital, and consequently high rates of interest.

This is the cold logic of the relationship of Capital and Labor; but amid all these facts and circumstances of cause and effect there is always the human element to be considered. We are comrades all, whether we recognize this great fact fully, or disregard it and try to forget it. The Great War was won

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by fullest recognition of comradeship, and the Great Peace cannot be won by disregarding it. There will always be the human element in industrialism to be considered; and let us see to it that we never forget that the men and women of to-day are full of immense possibilities for good or evil, and that the spirit of comradeship and brotherhood makes possibilities for good, and that failure to cultivate this spirit can only stimulate and produce evil.

The British Empire requires men and women who can increase the yield of bushels of wheat to the acre, who can open up and develop our billions of acres of virgin forests, our mines and minerals, and all the fabulous wealth nature has with lavish hand endowed us with. We want men and women who can discover for us the secrets of science which will enable us to avoid our present-day wastage of coal by better methods of using the same. We want avoidance of waste in every other direction.

With all these channels for work of hand and brain there should be no unemployment, for there need be none. It is merely a case of bad organization, and teaches us that the British Empire needs men and women of ideas even more than it needs bushels of wheat.

Our Prince of Wales has given us an uplifting inspiration of ideas and ideals. We can apply these to the development of the national resources of the Empire in commerce, manufactures, and business, shipping and railway, and so render our best service to our comrades — our fellow man and woman.

Let Capital and Labor of all classes, rank, or station, work together to make the most of the glorious opportunities nature has placed within our reach, and unemployment will disappear as the mist before the glorious rising sun at break of day.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY'S WOMEN STUDENTS

[Oxford University some time ago admitted women students to practical equality with men. An effort by the students of the two women's colleges at Cambridge, Girton and Newnham, to obtain similar privileges has just met with defeat, an outcome which has called forth a wide variety of comment from the English press. The first article following is from the Spectator *of October 29; the second, by the distinguished British critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, is from the London* Times *of November 2. Mr. Walkley is an Oxford man, of Balliol and Corpus Christi Colleges.]*

I. The Action of the Cambridge Senate

In rejecting last week the sensible compromise set forth in Grace I, the Cambridge Senate, in our judgment, made a serious mistake. The compromise, as we believe, would have brought peace to the University; the very old question of the status of women would have ceased to wound or to provoke; and if there had been further developments as the result of experience and successful working, they would have been natural and orderly. As it is, we fear that there is strife ahead.

Grace I, although it did not fully meet the wishes of the women, had been accepted in advance by them. On the other side, many men who had joined in voting down last December the pro-

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posal to admit women to unconditional membership of the University felt that the promise to women of generous concessions could be fulfilled by nothing less than the proposals of Grace I. Thus there seemed to be a first-rate opportunity of reaching a settlement by consent — a settlement based on moderate opinion and drawing its strength from various parties, including some which in the past had always resisted the women's claims. But it was not to be. To us, at all events, the rejection of Grace I was a surprise, although it is notoriously difficult to foresee what will happen in the Senate House, as opinion among non-resident voters is incalculable. As not only full membership of the University, but also the idea of a separate women's university, had previously been rejected, Grace I brought forward the new proposal that women should be given a restricted membership of the University, but none the less a legal membership. The number of women students was to be limited to 500, and discipline was to be maintained among them by women officials. Women were to be excluded from the Senate, but they were to have a Representative Board with similar powers. A woman, if elected to a professorship, was not to control the department as a man would do. The men's colleges were to be forbidden to admit women as members.

Grace II, which was carried on the day that Grace I was rejected, gave women titular degrees without recognizing them as members of the University. There is little doubt that, if women had asked for the simple concession, which they have at last won, any time during the past few years, they would have been granted it. But they asked for more, and, personally, we think they were quite justified.

Let us try to do justice to the women's opponents. Their point of view is intelligible. They argued that Cambridge, having been founded as a men's university, must remain a men's university, unless, indeed, it was to become a coeducation institution, which nobody really wanted. Nobody desired, for instance, that men and women should mingle in the same college. They argued that, if the women became members of the Senate and took a regular share in the control of the University, the character of the education would tend to become a compromise suited as much to women as to men. In fine, Cambridge would be destroyed as a first-rate university for men, and in the name of progress it would establish a colorless or neutral curriculum, neither perfectly designed for men nor perfectly designed for women.

Moreover, the opponents of the women argued that, for geographical reasons, there must be strict limitations to the expansion of the University. They pointed out that the men already found the University overcrowded; and they declared that, if women were freely allowed to join the University, the congestion might become disastrous. 'All that justice requires us to give to women,' they said, in effect, 'is degrees by diploma. That will prove that they have passed their examinations to the satisfaction of the Cambridge examiners. What more can they want? They have their own colleges, and they can build more colleges if they like, or if they can raise the money. What they really want is not to be fairly treated, but to get power in the University.'

Some years ago that reasoning would have seemed to us satisfactory. But surely matters have gone too far for it to be accepted to-day. The truth is that the extension of the franchise to women and the eligibility of women to sit as members of Parliament have altered the whole basis of our social structure. Whether we instinctively

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like this great change or not, it is now part of the law of the land. We should, therefore, abide by it, and help in working all the incidental changes which it postulates. We do not in the least want to justify changes which may be regarded as questionable, on the weak plea that they are 'inevitable,' and that it is, therefore, useless to try to resist them. Our plea is, rather, that what is inevitable has also, by force of circumstances, become right and reasonable. Oxford has given full membership to women; and though history forbids us to say that Cambridge should ever do anything merely because Oxford has done it, he must be a bold man who really believes that Cambridge will never throw her doors open wider to women.

What we fear is that concessions which might have been made gracefully and willingly will ultimately be made ungracefully, because the memory of the past will cling to them. Possibly there will be a tendency among women to go to Oxford rather than to Cambridge, in order to enjoy the higher status. That would be an irony indeed, as Cambridge led the way in the foundation of women's colleges. It need not be thought, however, that there will be any immediate falling off in the numbers of women at Cambridge, as all reports show that the applications for membership at Girton and Newnham are far more numerous than ever before.

Another possibility, which would be much more unpleasant for the men than for the women, is that the women will use their Parliamentary vote in order to threaten the male-governed University. Even now, there is talk of an appeal on behalf of the women to the Royal Commission. Parliamentary terrorism would be a nightmare. If it should ever happen, it would be a sorry reflection that a great opportunity for peace was neglected. With the numbers of the women limited to 500, there could never have been any question of the women calling the tune in University education. Even if full membership should ever be granted at Cambridge, as at Oxford, the probability of women becoming members of the Senate in sufficient numbers to control it would be remote.

The undergraduates' 'rag' after the voting, in which considerable damage was done to the iron gates at Newnham, was a particularly destructive ending to a destructive day. There have been various and rather contradictory accounts of the 'rag,' but even if the kindest accounts be accepted, the storming of the gates was an unprecedented act of bad manners and stupidity. It is at least satisfactory to know than an apology has been offered and accepted. It is also a consolation to be able to believe, on the strength of the accounts of some observers, that the demonstration before Newnham was not premeditated, and that the gates were broken down by the weight of the crowd rather than by the shocks of a battering ram. Anyhow, the demonstration should not have taken place. University 'rags' have gone through many stages. The old 'Town and Gown' rows, in which Mr. Verdant Green played his part, and in which the Reverend Thomas Tozer, the proctor, was capable of using his fists as freely as the undergraduates themselves, died when the sort of odious class-consciousness which provoked them faded out.

The best of the more modern 'rags' have always had some element of geniality, imagination, or humor, as, for example, when a protesting proctor was shepherded along a street to a point where he could be pushed through a gate into an enclosure with iron railings. The gate was then locked, and the proctor's attempts to demand 'Your name and college, sir,' gradually yielded

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to the awful realization that he was being offered buns through the railings, while an undergraduate lectured on 'this rare and most interesting specimen recently added to the collection.'

It is said that feeling at Cambridge was largely guided by the medical and scientific men, who resent the way in which their places are usurped by women in laboratories. Probably there is just now a very difficult period of transition. Universities suffer from the bacillus of unrest like nations and trade-unions. If that is so, it is useless to deny it. The undergraduate has never been remarkable for keeping to the middle way of life, and he finds it just now almost as easy to hate the woman whom he imagines to be an unscrupulous rival as, in another mood, he might find it easy to flirt with her. But no explanations and excuses can atone for the ill-conditioned behavior. The offense against Newnham was the worse because the women were the defeated party.

II. An Oxonian View

Among what Johnson called the anfractuosities of the human mind must be reckoned the desire for full membership of the University of Cambridge. Even women, apparently, desire this boon, and you wonder why. As regards the men, it is permissible to guess why. Cambridge is conveniently near Newmarket. It offers better opportunity than Oxford to amateurs of red brick. And you can enjoy the lectures of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who is an Oxford man. Further, there are such trifles as exact scholarship and an unbesmirched purity (despite the ravisher Einstein) of pure mathematics — though these are delicacies for the 'happy few.' Altogether, then, with a broad and tolerant allowance for human willfulness and infirmity, it is possible to account for the existence of the Cambridge man. And there is this to be said: in the rough commerce of the world the mark soon wears off. In after-life Cambridge men are often indistinguishable from Oxford men. Ladies, I fancy, never know the difference. They have been told a thousand times, as Mrs. Shandy was told by her husband about the relation of the earth to the sun, but, like her, always forget.

It must be this forgetfulness that allows so many of our younger ladies, not only to flock to Cambridge, but to yearn for full privileges of membership. The world is all before them, where to choose; and they choose, not Athens but Thebes, not Oxford but Cambridge. It is manifestly absurd, in their case, to attribute this wanton choice to the proximity of Newmarket. Can it be the inviolable purity of the mathematics? Oxford offers them a greater wealth of academic dignity. It prostrates itself at their feet and is their devoted servant to command. But the capricious coquettes turn their backs upon their adorer, and spread their nets in a quarter that has proved more churlish. This is, surely, to abuse the privilege accorded to women of being light-headed.

Unfortunately, it seems, they are not light-footed. *Il ne manquait que ça!* On the evidence of our correspondence columns it is to be noted that the Cambridge woman's little feet (if they *are* little) do *not* peep in and out like mice beneath her petticoat. On the contrary, her footsteps are distinctly audible as she comes in late ('O, woman, woman!' as the gentleman groans in *Heartbreak House*) to lecture. Indeed, this painful fact is so borne in upon the senses of the men present that they are

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impelled to register it then and there. They stamp their feet, so our correspondents aver, in unison with the anything but fairy footsteps of the late comer. This, presumably, is intended as a delicate, or Cambridge, reminder of her unpunctuality, and, generally, a way of 'larning her to be a toad.'

Happy youths! too young to know that it is one of the precious tyrannies of lovely woman to be always late. Also, though late, she takes the front row, and they regard this (so one of them told his mamma, which proves it must be true) as 'pushing' and 'aggressive.' But, if there is room in the front row, why not?

It appears that these happy youths are vigorous stampers. 'You could hear the row,' says one of their victims, 'some way up the street.' Thank goodness! athletics have never been neglected at Cambridge. In local circles, it seems, this vigorous stamping in unison is esteemed highly humorous. 'Another M.A.' (a Cambridge M.A. of course) writes to explain that it is not 'rudeness' but 'chaff' and gravely informs us that 'there is nothing indecorous or improper in stamping in time to the footsteps of a fellow student of either sex.' Of course not. It is one of the generally recognized marks of real refinement. Indeed, the acme of politeness would be to stamp not merely in unison with the footsteps, but on the feet, of the fellow student.

I do not add, with Another M.A., 'of either sex,' because the happy youths should be careful to restrict this civility to the ladies. If tried on a man, they might find the stamped toe suddenly applied to the softer part of their own persons. And that is what Another M.A. strikes me as overlooking, in his dislike of all sex-distinctions; the ladies cannot retaliate on the stampers in kind. The tenuity of their shoe-heels forbids it. There are only two modes of escape for them. Either they must learn to 'skim along the plain' (there might be special classes for this at both Newnham and Girton), or they must wear heavy boots for lecture, and, imitating the Statue of the Commander, make such a 'stump, stump,' when they arrive late, as to drown the unisonal stamping of their polite fellow students. A piano, with the appropriate chords from *Don Giovanni*, would then make a Cambridge lecture-room in fact, what it already is in aim, a perfect Temple of Deportment.

But what a go-ahead university Cambridge is! They have only lately introduced the brand-new degree of Ph.D., and now they have invented the novel, fascinating, and, best of all, perfectly safe game of 'ragging' women. This last invention gives Cambridge a proud preëminence. To be sure, there is (or was) plenty of 'ragging' at Oxford; but, by a regrettable oversight, it has hitherto been directed against mere dons or other trousered beings, who are capable of reprisals; that slow, unenterprising University is not yet awake to the exquisite pleasure of stamping in unison with a lady's footsteps, so that the row can be heard some way up the street.

Men, again, have been known to damage some of the property of their own college, in Peckwater Quad and elsewhere; but how much better they manage at Cambridge, where they don't damage their own foundation but the women's.

Ladies are 'bitter bad judges,' as Mrs. Peachum would say, of their own sex, and one of them, from her letter to the *Times*, seems rather to have enjoyed seeing the gates of Newnham go down. 'These were certainly not reduced with a battering ram,' she assures us, 'but by mere pressure from the back.' The Cambridge 'backs' are famous, but I never guessed they were

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so powerful as this! The lady adds that, in her opinion, 'there was no spirit of vindictiveness, but rather one of legitimate ragging.' *À la bonne heure!* 'Legitimate ragging' is a delicious phrase. And another lady recommends Cambridge women to adopt 'more gracious manners and pleasing ways.'

Unless and until they do, I suppose Cambridge will adopt a new motto for the arms of the University — *Nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.*

THE EXECUTIONER

BY PHYLLIS MÈGROZ

From *Voices, Autumn Number*
(Literary Quarterly)

The house, which was painted a dull red, stood some distance out of the town, where the other buildings clustered together in friendly groups; it was like a pariah clinging desperately to the outskirts of civilization.

Here, in this sinister dwelling I was born, and here I was foredoomed to pass the whole of my existence.

My father was headsman to the town. In those days, the office of headsman was handed down from father to son; and if any man rebelled against the taking up of his grim heritage, the law compelled him to do so, under penalty of death. Moreover, these wretched beings were forced to live isolated and alone; their houses were stained the color of blood, to denote their calling; and they were not allowed to marry except among their own kind. They were accursed and reviled of all men.

Sometimes I ventured out into the streets, thinking to find playmates of my own age, but the children shrank away in terror at my approach; while others, less timid, stuck out a contemptuous finger at me, and shouted derisively: 'Look! Look! There goes the executioner's brat!'

One incident is seared forever on my mind. One day I came upon a little girl of perhaps three years, who had broken her doll. She was crying bitterly, and would not stop, despite the loud scoldings of her mother. As I drew near, and looked with pity on the poor baby, the woman caught sight of me, and pointing me out to the little one, said: —

'If you do not stop crying at once, I will give you to that boy there. Do you know who he is? He is the son of the headsman who lives in the red house yonder, and he will come with a sharp axe and —'

The child's cries died into sudden silence, her eyes dilated with fear, and with a horror-stricken look at me, she made off in the opposite direction, as if she were being pursued by some monstrous spectre.

When they were out of sight, and I was alone, I burst into angry sobbing. What had I done to bring that awful look to the baby face, I who had only wanted to comfort and console her? I turned my heavy eyes toward the red house standing bleak and remote. Was it because I lived there, because my father was headsman, that no one would

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have anything to do with me, that I must go through life unfriended? My dry lips would not shape the answer, and in an agony of realization, I crept home, trembling, like a thing of shame. From that time I began to enclose my soul in a secret silence; I scarcely went out into the town, I spoke only with my father — himself a man of few words. So the days passed, leaving me apart and outside the world, as if Life, like a receding tide, had stranded me on a desert and inimical shore.

When I was twenty, my father died. I was distraught. But it was not so much at the loss of my father as at the thought that now must I wield with my own hand, upon some piteously bowed neck, the cumbrous axe of state. There was no escape; I was bound irrevocably upon the wheel of my destiny. True, there was death, but I was young, I was conscious of the spring of life stirring in my veins, I could not die. I was forced to accept what fate had thrust upon me. I must be headsman, I who had averted my eyes, shivering with loathing when my father returned from an execution, his axe dripping redly —

Not two months after my father's death the first summons came. A night-scavenger, who had been for many years the terror of outlying farms, where he stole the horses, maimed the cattle, and pocketed the farmers' gold, had been caught, tried and condemned, and I was appointed to do justice on him. It was considered a great honor for me, a novice, to have the execution of so notorious a character; and there was no little jealousy among the neighboring headsmen; for it was to be a big affair, and there was much money to be made out of the rich townsfolk by allowing them a good view of the spectacle.

The time drew near. I shuddered every time my steps took me past the gaol where the victim was incarcerated. The night preceding the day that had been fixed upon for the execution, I lay awake in a kind of fever. I looked at the heavy axe hanging on the wall, and the bright steel seemed to grin maliciously at me. I looked at the scarlet robes of office dangling from a hook on the oak door, and they seemed to materialize into a mocking demon, a familiar who would be forever at my side, and from whom I should never shake myself free.

In such uneasy imaginings, the night at last wore itself away, and a pale dawn irradiated the sky.

At daybreak the town seemed strangely active. I flung apart the shutters, and saw the market square blazing with vivid blues, emeralds, crimsons, orange. From the villages the country folk had come, some in small carts, some mounted on mules whose bells gave out a silvery chime. All the people had donned their best attire — it was going to be a gala-day, that was evident. Part of the crowd was surging around the block, struggling to be in the front line; another section had taken up its stand outside the prison, fastening avid eyes on the window where the condemned man lay, and linking hands in a mad dance of expectancy. They were all shouting, screaming, whistling, singing. Venders of anisette and reglise pushed their gayly colored barrows through the compact mass; some offered sheets on which, in crude woodcuts, were depicted the chief exploits in the life of the captive; while others hawked small figures composed of red wax, which were supposed to represent myself.

As the hour approached, the crowd grew restless; they began to cast angry looks at my house, where I stood concealed behind the window-hangings, pale and sick. Suddenly, the great clock on the town hall started to strike — sonorous, monotonous beats like the thudding of a heart. It was midday, the

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the time had come. A hush fell on the crowd that was far more sinister than the clamor they had been making. I dared not look as the victim was led out of his cell between two priests with lighted tapers, with an escort of soldiers, and was forced to kneel at the block, where I found myself standing, I know not how, the axe gripped in my hands. As they caught sight of me, a murmur ran through the mob; mothers caught up their children and raised them on high so that they might not miss a tittle of the spectacle.

I stood there for what seemed hours, a kind of rigor stiffening my muscles to immobility. The eager, expectant faces all round me appeared to run together in an indistinct gray blur, from which there emerged a tremendous mask, whose features were contorted into an indescribable expression of insatiable lust. My knees trembled, my throat constricted, everything whirled madly before my eyes, when the silence was shattered by a harsh voice:—

'It's a young miss we've got for headsman. Only look at the young miss how white she is about the gills, and how she's shaking! Pah!' — the unseen speaker growled on an uncontrollable note of fury — 'Why did n't they let Morena now, or Juanillo, or Lopez, do the job? Then 't would have been something worth seeing. As 't is — you can all go home, there 'll be no execution for you to-day.'

There was an assenting, angry outcry from the crowd, and, rendered desperate, I took a sharp step forward, that all might see me, flung up the axe in my two clenched hands, and on a sweeping, downward curve, brought the flashing steel down on the block —

THE POLITICIAN IN REPOSE

BY JOHN PALMER

From the *Saturday Review, October* 1
(English Tory Weekly)

The other night I saw a famous orator and statesman in repose. It was at a public function, where music was played to amuse the guests after they had grown tired of being presented to one another. He sat in the front row of the assembly, a man of action compelled for an interval to sit still, a man of eloquence obliged to be silent. His misery was almost pathetic. He sat with his great hands clasped in front of him, like a peasant in a photograph or a child who has been dressed for a party and placed in readiness upon a chair.

Watching some of our modern public men in action, we inevitably wonder what they are like in repose. The whole idea of repose seems incongruous with the activities by which we know them. We see them on the public platform, we follow them to international conferences, we hear of them forming cabinets, settling crises, and framing new policies, before we have fully mastered the bearing of those that went before. We think of them as always alert, as perpetually in agitation, with tongues that are seldom still and brains that are never at rest. Naturally, we wonder

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whether it does not in course of time become impossible for them to rest at all. Do they, when their last secretary has retired, when their last word of public and historic import has been spoken, sit as that unhappy politician sat last night, amorphous, vacant, incapable of an intelligent tranquillity? Do they, as it were, cease to exist when they cease to be politically active? Do they experience an almost physical discomfort when speech and gesture are temporarily denied them and when they are no longer in the public eye? Are we to believe that, when they retire into their private bosoms, they find a vacuum? Is it the penalty of the modern orator that he cannot feel or think apart from his audience, and of the modern statesman that he cannot live except in the conflict of the chamber, the council, or the corridor?

I have always found it difficult to imagine any of the more prominent leaders of the modern world in the act of meditation. When one sees a European premier resting, one feels that he is resting as if before a camera, that he is reposing with an end in view, that there is a special moment of the day set apart for just this particular form of activity.

Our suspicion that for public men a genuinely private life becomes impossible is deepened by observing a class of society which lives as much as the politician in the public eye and reveals itself more artlessly to our observation. Actors and actresses, to whom a public attitude necessarily becomes a second nature, declare in the most unmistakable way that they are incapable of privacy when the day's work is done. Their loves, their domesticities, the things they eat and drink and wear, even the intimacies of their toilette (as for example, the creams that preserve their complexions or increase the lustre of their smiles) are all exhibited to the public view. Their private lives are merely a continuation or extension of their public profession. They spend their existence before the camera. We behold them with their children, in the house and garden, upon holiday, taking train or car upon this or that ostensibly private adventure. We have learned from countless pictures and interviews that, whatever they may be doing in private, they do it as if they were in presence of a multitude. They are witnesses to the truth that a public habit of life cannot be assumed as a matter of professional necessity without profoundly affecting one's private activities.

It must be difficult for any public man to behave as if he were alone. One cannot think of him, when his audience has dispersed, when his committee has risen, when his interviews have come to an end, when his negotiations are completed, retiring into his private room with a sigh of relief, casting off all thought of public affairs, and sinking naturally into the attitude of repose. One cannot think at all of repose in connection with the typical public man of to-day. The idea of repose, of tranquillity, of private and unforced meditation, seems utterly incongruous with all one sees or hears of him. The habit of being in public must, I imagine, grow upon him till he finds himself incapable of being alone. In the fastness of his chamber he is still forced to behave as if in the presence of an unseen audience.

I have noted that there is something quite peculiar and distinctive in the gait of persons who are much in the habit of appearing upon platforms or of conducting their affairs in the public eye. This assertion may be verified by anyone who cares to spend half an hour in the House of Commons, watching the members as they come into the lobbies. There are many ways of entering

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a lobby. There is the lounging grace of the legislator whose progenitors have walked in the public eye for untold generations. There is the solid gravity of the man who carries with him the atmosphere of the bank parlor and the board-room. There is the worthy simplicity of the man who is learning to wear his blue suit as if it had been made for him. There is, indeed, every kind and quality of demeanor illustrated in the course of some twenty minutes to half an hour. But there is an element which is peculiar and unmistakable in the deportment of all these gentlemen, which distinguishes it from the deportment of the merely private person. It is difficult to define, but it is easy to recognize. Whether the particular individual has the insolent ease of bearing which comes of long discipline under the public eye, or whether he exhibits the sheepish bravado of the man who has not yet grown accustomed to his publicity, he is obviously a person who is not in the habit of walking by himself.

I feel quite certain that these gentlemen who cannot walk as if they were alone are equally unable to sit at home and think as if they were alone. In the old days this fact was frankly recognized by the more important public men of the time. In the case of Louis XIV, to dine was a public function, and he dressed and was shaved before an audience. Great men performed their toilettes in public and had a bedroom manner as unmistakable as the walk of the modern legislator in Palace Yard. It was realized that a man who had behaved himself in public for the greater part of the day could not suddenly become a private man for the odd hour or so which he was able to reserve for meals and other strictly individual interests. How can you expect a man who has to think for eight or ten hours a day in an assembly or a council, upon a platform or in the president's chair, to be able to sit quietly at home and think all by himself? The habit of acting and thinking in public must in time alter the whole process and apparatus of action and thought, until at last the politician in his private study finds himself surrounded by an invisible public lodged in the midmost cells of his brain, determining his attitude as he sits in his easy chair, and the course of his meditation as he ponders his policy for the morrow.

One in whom the habit of public life has become inveterate and incurable, the statesman or politician of the modern type who lives in continuous touch with the public, who is forever speaking, negotiating, directing, compromising, dealing from day to day with men and matters as the inspiration of the moment may direct, would seem to become quite incapable of repose. For such a man I can imagine nothing between the feverish activities by which we know him and the misery of blank negation.

I cannot imagine a private life for such a man because I cannot believe that he is ever really in private. I do not like to think what would happen to him if suddenly he felt that he was really alone. I can only imagine that such a feeling in such a man would arouse the same sort of emotion which death excites in the ordinary human breast.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE BLACK-AND-TAN

[*Morning Post*]

THERE is a man lying in the road
Where beech leaves flutter down
The sloping hill;
All red are they from autumn frost,
And red the road.
Walk softly for fear he wake,
Nor touch his outstretched arms
Lest he arise in agony.
The yellowhammer lowers its voice,
From out the hedge
Scarce whispering;
A beetle hesitates beside the crimson pool,
And creeps away the path it came,
And in a clover-field near by
The children laugh.
Hush! oh, hush! and softly step,
Lest he awake.
The wind which wanders up the road
Has stopped
And soft caressed the brown hair of his head.
— He dreams of tender hands, for sure, —
But no, for 't is not smiles, but horror and great pain
That parts his lips.
Somewhere, a mile or two away,
Are whispers,
We shot him dead,' and
Good, be-gob!'
And, a few hundred yards away,
A church-bell rings.
In clover-fields the children laugh and sing.
And here, all quiet and still,
A man lies in the road.
Red are the frost-nipped leaves
That strew the ground,
But, oh! the red that flames upon the road,
Drowning the little beetles in their walk,
Has spread into a glowing halo
For his head.

TO A DEAD SINN FEIN SOLDIER

BY ANGELA CAVE

[*Voices*]

IN fifty years their hate will all be forgotten;
They will look back on your death with a furtive pride;
And there you'll be in your grave, corrupt and rotten,
Forgetting the burning flame for which you died.

Hate dies out like a candle; love is stronger;
Honor and courage live on a little time. . . .
Oh, but in fifty years you'll be brave no longer,
The dust of love will blow with the dust of crime.

And some old man will mumble, perhaps, to another,
'I have forgotten our quarrels of long ago.'
Fifty years! . . . You will be with the earth, your mother;
You will be dust again and never know.

SONG

BY HILDA REEDBURN

[*Poetry Review*]

WHERE are all the Aprils gone,
Shining Aprils, singing Aprils,
Which have vanished one by one,
Ever since the years began?
Aprils past ere Babylon
Reared her long-since-ruined head;
Gone with Memphis, Ilion,
All the dust of all the dead;
Everywhere beneath the sun,
Poet's Aprils, Lover's Aprils —
Whither, whither are they sped?

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HENRI FABRE, SAINT OF SCIENCE

FROM the biographical data scattered here and there through the matchless pages of the *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, Abbé Augustin Fabre has created a new biography — the third that has appeared — of Henri Fabre, the simple-hearted enthusiast of nature, who, for an entire lifetime, indifferent to poverty, neglect, and even (when it came at last) to fame, devoted himself to the task of translating his extraordinarily exact observations of the insects of Auvergne into page upon page of flawless French prose.

Fabre's life is a link between the present day and the beginnings of evolutionary biology. He is one of the authorities used by Darwin in the *Origin of Species*, and he died only six years ago; so that during his lifetime he saw the complete development of the modern selectionist school, with its orthogenetic and de Vriesian rivals. But from all this Fabre stood aside. In the sense in which the modern laboratory worker uses the term, he might not be called a 'scientist' at all.

He was more than that. He is, or will become, one of the great figures in French literature; yet he was at the same time as exacting an observer as any wielder of the scalpel in any laboratory. He had a certain disdain for the scientific theories which developed during his life, frankly saying that he rarely paid attention to the published observations of other men, since he did not wish to influence his judgment in his own observation.

Most of his life he worked without a properly equipped laboratory, and almost without instruments, becoming so used to his crude makeshift equipment that when, at length, the French Government presented him with an expensive set of instruments, he made almost no use of it.

Charles Darwin, in the *Origin of Species*, called him 'that incomparable observer.' Edmond Perrier, chief among French biologists, classed him with the 'princes of science,' and Victor Hugo called him 'the insects' Homer'; and yet, when the French Government tardily decided to bestow the Legion of Honor upon this simple schoolteacher, he had to be compelled to go to Paris to receive it.

'If you do not come, I will send my gendarmes after you,' the Minister of Education threatened; and thus it was that Henri Fabre was torn away from his beloved insects and from his country school for a day or two, to receive the highest decoration in the gift of his fatherland.

So far two excellent biographies have appeared: one by M. Charles Roux, *Jean Henri Fabre*, whose principal merits are perhaps photographic rather than literary; for it is a profusely illustrated book, showing every aspect of the simple life of Henri Fabre, his family, his experiments, and his rooms, the country school where he taught, the simple house in which he fought his long and bitter fight with poverty, Fabre among his books, Fabre at work with his insects, Fabre with his neighbors and with his family. The other is by Dr. C. V. Legros, *Fabre, Poet of Science*, previously the only biography in English.

Mr. Bernard Miall's translation of Abbé Fabre's *Life of Jean Henri Fabre* now makes a second. The Abbé is not near relative of the immortal French entomologist, although his own family used to live on the opposite slope of the *puech* where the entomologist pursued

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his experiments. He first planned writing the book at the time when all Provence was celebrating the scientist's jubilee at Sérignan. He has assembled all the biographical data scattered through the ten volumes and 4000 pages of the *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, and he has also collected all the local reminiscences that have survived among Fabre's neighbors and family and his pupils.

Fabre was a very unorthodox sort of scientist. He had no particular use for museums. After he had been practically forced to go to Paris by the Minister of Education, and had endured being decorated, rewarded, fêted, and presented to the Emperor, with as good a grace as he could with some difficulty summon, he hurried back to 'the incomparable museum of the fields,' in spite of the minister's insistence that he should at least look over the incomparable entomological collections of Paris.

One of the most characteristic stories in the *Souvenirs Entomologiques* is Fabre's account of his efforts to find why the tufts of hair on certain caterpillars were poisonous. When he had at last concentrated the fluid which, in its natural state, was comparatively mild, he experimented, not on an animal but on himself, applying the concentrated and now very powerful poison to the sensitive skin between his fingers and under his arm, and inflicting painful wounds upon himself. His reason? Probably because his tender heart could not bear to inflict pain on any form of life, however lowly; but the reason he assigned was that an experiment on another animal would show him only that pain existed, but would not tell him what the pain was like. That he could know only by experiments on himself.

Pasteur, himself, at the beginning of his celebrated investigation of the disease whose ravages among the silkworms were laying waste the silk industry of France, appealed to Fabre for information; and it is not particularly to the credit of the great biological genius that he remained callously indifferent to the poverty with which he found his gentle and gifted instructor struggling.

Fabre cared nothing whatever for fame, except as it helped to procure him a little more time to devote to his researches; for during the greater part of his life, he was handicapped by the penury which the French educational system inflicts on its teachers in small *lycées* and provincial colleges. He formed no theories and manifested no desire to attack the theories of others.

Fabre, in fact, was not a maker of generalizations, and came at last to mistrust them all, showing that minute details — apparently so trifling that they are disregarded — are often actually the master-keys to the most solemn questions men can consider. He became in the end content to observe and to report.

That is only what many a scientific worker is doing. But the quality that sets Fabre forever apart from other scientific men is the extraordinary beauty and simplicity of the prose in which those observations are reported.

*

STEVENSON'S HANDWRITING

FROM Shakespeare down, the handwriting of authors has been proverbially bad, but few men have left such enigmas in script behind them, as Robert Louis Stevenson, according to an account given in the *Westminster Gazette:* —

Bad handwriting has been responsible for some odd things in literature. There is a phrase in Stevenson's paper on 'The Genesis of "The Master of Ballantrae" ' in which he speaks of being haunted by a story 'con-

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ceived in Highland rain, in the blend of the smell of heather and bog-plants, and with a mind full of the Athole correspondence and the memories of the dumlicide Justice.' Not a few readers have been excessively intrigued by the last two words of the quotation, and various ingenious surmises have been hazarded as to their meaning. Sir Graham Balfour now explains that the original manuscript was in parts almost undecipherable, and that 'dumlicide Justice' was all he could at the time make out of the text, but that afterwards he came to the conclusion that it should read 'Chevalier de Johnstone.' This, by the way, is not the first occasion on which Stevenson's printed text has puzzled his readers. In one of his papers the word 'brean' appeared. The late Sir James Murray, of Oxford Dictionary fame, wanting information as to the history and meaning of the word, made inquiries of Stevenson himself, only to be informed that it was a misprint for 'ocean.'

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1924

THERE is considerable controversy among Parisian devotees of '*la vie sportive*,' as to the site of the Olympic games of 1924. The first suggestion, that the Pershing Stadium, formerly used by the American Expeditionary Forces, should be modified so as to accommodate the games, is met with the protest that the Stadium was never intended for a meeting of the athletes of the world, and is wholly inadequate to the purpose. The proposals that have been made to the city of Paris to build a stadium especially for the Olympic games, call for such large sums, that the authorities feel unable to build. Architects' estimates have been quoted for as large a sum as fifty million francs.

Another suggestion has been that the municipal property known as the Parc des Princes should be transformed into a large, permanent athletic ground. The Olympic Games Committee considers that fifteen million francs would be sufficient to provide a stadium, a swimming-bath, fifteen tennis-courts, a fencing and boxing arena, and other athletic facilities. *L'Écho de Paris*, commenting on the proposal says: —

> The receipts from the ten great annual sporting events would amply refund the capital necessary, and a wise business man would, if necessary, finance the undertaking. Why should not the State that wants money show itself far-sighted in business? We do not wish to doubt that it will do so, for it not only risks a profitable undertaking but the good name of France, in respect of its engagements and the regeneration of the race.

Comte J. Clary, the president of the Comité National des Sports, says that the Pershing Stadium is 'wholly insufficient,' and adds that 'an enlargement would require complete rebuilding.' Comte Clary would have modern France return in some measure to the traditions of ancient Greece.

> Why [he asks] do our musicians, our painters, our sculptors, our architects express in Olympic form the glorious manifestations of French art? On the morrow of the appalling cataclysm of war, which burst upon the world, the Olympic Games, through sport and letters and the arts together, ought to offer fertile and valuable ground for the reconciliation of the peoples of the world.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Fabre, Abbé Augustin: *The Life of Jean Henri Fabre*. Translated by Bernard Miall. London, Hodder and Stoughton, 15*s*. net.

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Atlantic Book Bulletin

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